GOD IS AT THE ORGAN

WILLIAM L. STIDGER

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GOD IS AT THE ORGAN

By
WILLIAM L. STIDGER

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NEW YORK CINCINNATI

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DEDICATED TO

DR. B. B. RALPH

AS TO THE BOOK

It does not attempt to be a learned book. It is a book of sermons, preached to audiences through the medium of the new revelations of science and nature. The first chapter of this book is a sort of a text for the whole. The figure of God as an Organist is not new by any means, but I believe that this particular treatment of that figure of speech is new. There are four manuals to the organ of the universe. God plays them all. They are the manuals of science, nature, humanity, and Christ. God makes sweet music on this great organ of the universe. As one who is trying to make understandable the new truths of science; who is trying to find revelations of God through every discovery of science; who believes that God reveals himself to us in a continuous revelation, I have preached these sermons to my own congregations, and I send them forth to a wider group.

Following this first chapter-sermon there are seven chapters dealing with new scientific discoveries and their relations to God. The second part of the book is made up of seven nature sermons, in an attempt to show that God

is constantly revealing himself to us through nature. I have written and published through the good offices of The Abingdon Press two books of nature sermons, *Outdoor Men and Minds* and *The Epic of Earth,* and am eager to send forth this interpretation of God through both science and nature, because they are akin. In this day of science every preacher of God who is attempting to interpret God to humanity ought to be following closely the new scientific discoveries, and ought to be able in simple fashion to make them understandable to his people, and through them to make God more real.

PART I

I

GOD IS AT THE ORGAN

"And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping on their harps: and they sang as it were a new song."—Revelation 14. 2.

MUSIC is the voice of God.

This chapter in Revelation makes that plain. It first tells of a voice from heaven. That is God's voice as he sits at the mighty organ of the universe, playing the great constellations, and singing as he plays.

I have seen an organist with a long white beard, playing the organ in a cathedral at twilight, his head lifted high, singing his soul out as the music rolled through the long dim aisles.

It may be that the prototype of that picture is a memory of my father, sitting at an old-fashioned family organ every Sunday evening at twilight, pumping it with his feet, his head lifted, his eyes shining, and singing "Shall We Gather at the River?" or "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." Then we children would gather

about for an hour and sing the old hymns. That was heavenly music then; it is even more heavenly in retrospect.

That is one of boyhood's blessed memories, that picture of my own father at the old melodeon, pumping and playing and singing. It is a memory which this generation will never have, and is the poorer for that loss.

Here is the picture of a great choir. One hundred and forty-four thousand, all of them with the Father's name written on their foreheads. They are the great heavenly host that Revelation pictures for us—a great singing choir.

And to John, who heard a voice from heaven, it sounded like the falling of many waters, and more than that: "Like the voice of a great thunder"—God playing on the nature manual of the great organ of the universe with infinite skill and tenderness.

And not only did it sound to John like the voice of many waters, and like the voice of thunder; it sounded like "harpers harping with their harps." "And they sang, as it were, a new song before the throne."

So you have these pictures: the old organist sitting alone in a great cathedral singing his heart out, the father sitting at the old-fashioned

organ with a choir of five children, and the picture from Revelation with a choir of one hundred and forty-four thousand singers, each one of them with the Father's name written on his forehead. And you have the sound of many waters, and of many thunders, and of "harpers harping on their harps," and singers singing new songs. And somehow you know then that God is playing the universe as though it were a great organ.

Recently I have read a book called "What and Why Is Man?" In this book is a chapter called "Who Made God?" and in this chapter is a picture that I wish to connect closely with the four pictures from human life and the book of Revelation which I have here painted.

This author says: "I often watch an organist with delight because he is working with both hands and both feet, reading both the music and the words, listening both to the organ and the choir, and judging of the effect of the whole performance upon the congregation."[1]

Then he adds this regnant, pregnant phrase: "But if this organist were endowed with the capacity of God, he could play the universe." And then this sentence comes to climax it all:

[1] *What and Why Is Man?* by Richard LaRue Swain. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company.

"And that is just what God must do to be God!" And in order to bring it nearer home he adds another sentence: "The universe is God's full organ; human lips and human lives are the solo stops."

Let us then think of God in this chapter and in this book as the Supreme Organist of the universe. Let us think of him as playing a great four-manual organ; playing on the manual of science, revealing his music to us; playing on the manual of nature, revealing his thoughts to us through nature, just as truly as he reveals himself to us through the Old Testament and the New Testament; playing on the organ of the universe through the manual of humanity, revealing his dreams to us through human beings; playing the manual of the life, the teachings, the death, and the living presence of Jesus the Christ.

This preacher for one believes that God is not yet through revealing himself to his children; that his revelation is a continuous process; that he still has great secrets to reveal to us in the centuries that are yet to unfold before our astonished and bewildered eyes. This preacher believes that the discovery of wireless with its continually new and astonishing revelations—every day something new—is some-

what like God's revelation of himself to us. Just as quickly as we are spiritually and intellectually capable of grasping and of understanding his new truth, just that soon will it be revealed unto us.

The very process of his scientific revelation is in itself a revelation of the fact that God has great truths as yet untold, which he will deliver into the hands of the men of faith as soon as they search for them. Insulin, radio, the Alpine Ray, and ten thousand revelations have been handed over to the prophets of to-day who have had the faith to seek until they found and, finding, have seen God in these revelations.

Through science and nature God reveals himself.

Through the manual of science and nature God plays.

In this great organ there are solo stops of beauty and wonder.

"God is at the organ.
I can hear
A mighty music echoing far and near.
God is at the organ,
And the keys
Are storm-strewn moorlands,
Billows, trees."[1]

[1] From *God Is at the Organ*, by John Drinkwater. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

The first manual of the organ of the universe is

The Manual of Science

How ignorant and stupid are those who refuse to listen to the voice of science, who fail to recognize the fact that these stops of scientific discovery are only a part of the music that the Universal Organist makes!

There has been a great deal of confusion in the church world recently because a group of people who call themselves Christians have refused to accept these stops in the great manual of science. This set of stops we call biology, chemistry, botany, and geology. From these stops God has been bringing some of the most beautiful music that life has heard.

Those who are following with intelligent interest the great discoveries of the scientific world have felt a new nearness to God, have heard new messages from God. We have watched God divide matter into molecules, atoms, and electrons. That is music to the holy-minded.

We have seen a universe of electrons whirling in perfect unity and order; a universe so tiny that not even the most powerful microscope has been able to see them. Then we have

jumped from that universe to the great stellar system above and beyond and about us, a system which makes our solar system, which we used to think the most colossal thing in heaven, look like a dozen marbles in a penciled ring where a few boys play in the springtime.

He who reads the worth-while scientific books of to-day—and many of them are written in simple, understandable language—cannot keep his soul from knowing that God is at the organ. William Jennings Bryan has done a great thing for religion, the church, and humanity. He did not realize that he was doing this great thing, but he did it just the same, and in so doing perhaps he was unconsciously one of the most useful men of his generation, intellectually. Astonishing statement, that? Yes, but hear the answer to this riddle: He is one of the great prophets of all time because he sent the world back to books. By his very crusade against evolution and science Mr. Bryan aroused an interest in the reading of scientific books. Men of the United States have never been so much interested in scientific things. We have begun to probe into these things which he has questioned. We have said, "We shall find out for ourselves."

The year has brought forth many books dealing with science and faith. *The New Age of Faith* is an attempt to make the world hear God playing the organ of the universe through the stops of science. *Through Science to God* is a book written to make us hear this infinite music on the great organ, God-played. *Sermons of a Chemist* is a book that makes us hear the God-music through science.

Then comes Alfred Noyes with his second book in the trilogy called *The Torch Bearers;* comes Noyes with his great poem on evolution called "the Book of Earth." Came he a year ago with his book about the stars and God called *Watchers of the Skies.* Comes this great poet with these two great books, one a book of astronomy and the other the story of the earth's physical and spiritual evolution; and we all thrill to the sound of the singing of the earth, and the music of the eternal stars, because we know that God is at the organ, playing his universe.

I might name these new books on science and evolution by the score, but I select those which are representative of types and are of a more popular nature. Quote I again from Doctor Swain: "The best scientific volumes, those that contain the record of actual finds in nature,

are new books added to God's old Bible." "The electrons dart and dance at the behest of the same purposeful Wisdom." "These scientific volumes are wisdom books which reveal a wisdom that promises to be limitless and in ways that we never suspected; books that truly supplement the old Bible that has done so much for the human race." "The wonders of radio and a thousand others strengthen our faith that nature as a whole is but the expression of the most wonderful intelligence conceivable." "Whenever we discover a new ray of energy, we are sure to discover how wisely it acts and how nicely it dovetails in with the old familiar forces." "For is, as I believe, all energy God's very own, then every discovery in dynamics is just so much more knowledge of him."[1]

We talk of energy. What is energy? It is God's Spirit, his power, his love flowing through life to keep life alive; it is the energy that carries the radio message; it is electricity moving the earth; it is sunlight purifying and warming our earth; it is sap flowing through trees; it is wind on the heath; it is God's energy pouring through the stops of the great organ of the universe, making sweet music alway and

[1] Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers, New York.

allwheres. Each new invention, each new scientific discovery, makes human life easier and more friendly. You can think of few scientific discoveries that have not made life happier and more friendly. When an organist plays a great organ made with human hands, he first turns on the electricity and that electricity pumps the air which makes the music through the stops. So when God plays the great organ of the universe through the manual of science, he turns on his energy, and that flows through science and makes the music.

Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, in *Collier's Weekly* of a recent date, has two fascinating articles which show us how much God reveals himself through science if we give him an opportunity. This column in Collier's is called "Catching Up With the World," but what it ought to be called is, "Catching Up With God." These popular articles are perfect illustrations of my theory that science is another revelation of God to humanity; that if we are willing to dig and dare and delve, we shall find the drift of God in earth and sea and sky. Science is delving and digging and daring for us through faith. Faith is the greatest asset of any exploring scientist. He must have faith; and all through his experiments he works by faith, until at last,

in one supreme moment, his faith is justified by facts—and he sees God! God hid these things away from us and he is revealing them to the daring, the delvers, and the diggers.

Read these flashing paragraphs of the revelations of God through science, and be convinced forever and a day, that God is at the manual of science playing on the great organ of the universe!

"Take up a teaspoonful of common dirt from the garden. In that small heap you will be holding a population greater than that of the entire United States. A census of the soil has been taken for the first time at the Rothamsted farm, the mother of experiment stations, and it took a team of five investigators, working every day for a year, to do the job. Their chief difficulty was not the minuteness of the individuals that they had to count, but the speed of propagation. Among human beings there are only three generations to a century, and a decennial census does very well, but among the bacteria fifteen minutes suffices for a generation. The investigators found that they had to make an enumeration every two hours for several days to get an idea of the fluctuating population. The bacteria in a gram of soil, about a teaspoonful, varied from forty-five mil-

lion to twenty-two and a half million. And their total weight varied accordingly from fifty to twenty-five pounds per acre. The amœbas, simplest of animals, which prey upon the bacteria, varied inversely from them, ranging from one hundred fifty thousand to two hundred eighty thousand, and from one hundred seventy to three hundred twenty pounds per acre. The soil population is high in spring and fall, low in winter and summer.

"The study of these mysterious variations in the life of the soil may give a clue to the variation in the price of our foodstuffs and of our securities. For we are dependent upon the balanced activity of these underground creatures for our daily bread. It is fortunate for us, therefore, that there are so many of them and that they multiply so rapidly." Sir John Russell, director of Rothamsted, gives a vivid picture of the population of his teaspoonful of soil:

" 'If the whole array could be magnified to the size of men, and caused to march past this desk in single file, they would go in a steady stream, every hour of the day and night, for a year, a month and a day, before they had all passed. We must think, then, of the apparently lifeless soil which we tread beneath our feet as

really throbbing with life, changing daily and hourly in obedience to great laws which we have not yet discovered; pulsating with birth, decay, and new birth.' "[1]

Science is continually making just such startling revelations of God's manifold power.

The following revelation, brought to us by Doctor Slosson, makes us see God's infinite variety:

"*Twenty-Five Tons to the Pint.* 'A pint's a pound, the world around.' This is an old saying, but, like other old sayings, it is not of universal application. It is close enough only for the kitchen, where water and liquids of like gravity are handled. Mercury is the heaviest of earthly liquids, but out in space there are stars heavier than any metal we have here.

"We all know Sirius, but few of us know that the Dog Star is 'dogged' by a smaller sphere, too dim to be discerned by the naked eye. This satellite revolves around Sirius once in fifty years, and, unlike the planets, shines by its own light. It is what the astronomers call a 'white-dwarf' star, being only about three times as big around as the earth.

"In weight, for its size, the companion of Sirius exceeds all other known bodies or sub-

[1] Reprinted by permission of *Collier's Weekly.*

stances. It is fifty-three thousand times as heavy as water, bulk for bulk. A pint of this star stuff would therefore weigh about fifty-three thousand pounds.

"But although the star is denser than any metal or stone, Professor Eddington of Cambridge says it is not a solid or even a liquid, but a pure gas! Hardly the sort of stuff with which to fill a dirigible."[1]

Arrowsmith,[2] by Sinclair Lewis, is the story of a scientist, old man Gottlieb. The students are discussing him in the fraternity house. The hero of this book cries out in the midst of the discussion: "You think Gottlieb isn't religious? Why, his just being in a lab is a prayer!"

Later the hero is talking over Gottlieb with his newfound sweetheart. She too believes in the old scientist.

"How does Gottlieb strike you, Leora?" he asked her one day when she had met the German teacher in his laboratory.

"I don't—Sandy, he's the greatest man I've ever seen! I don't know how I know, but he is! That was a *great* man! I wish—I wish I were going to see him again. That's the first man I ever laid eyes on that I'd leave you for, if he

[1] Reprinted by permission of *Collier's Weekly*.
[2] Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, publishers.

wanted me. He's so—oh, he's like a sword—no, he's like a brain walking. Oh, Sandy, he looked so wretched. I wanted to cry. I'd black his shoes!"

Sandy agreed and these two young students knew that God was at the organ of the universe playing through the stops of science.

God is at the organ playing the

Manual of Nature

Nature is another revelation of God.

Dan Crawford says, "Is not geology the key to the patience of God?"

When Doctor Swain was writing *What and Why Is Man?* he says that he stopped suddenly to look out of his window at the revelation of God he saw outside. He saw the magic of snow falling: "How silent! How beautiful!" Every flake was of an exquisite mathematical design and no two were alike. They suggest the restful repose of God, the immaculate whiteness, the perfection of his work. He saw an old apple tree. He remembered that inwardly that apple tree was a turbulent whirl of molecules, but that outwardly it was as calm as eternity. It lived its life of spring and sap and flower, of leaf and fruit; and then—winter's repose. He saw also an old stone fence.

Inwardly he knew that it was what he called a "dizzying dance of atoms," and yet outwardly it was a symbol of peace and quietude. He saw a sudden, dazzling burst of sunlight. It was all a revelation of God to him, as it is to those of us who see with spiritual eyes deep into the innermost heart of things. It is a "great enfolding reality." Doctor Swain says: "We have long had the Old and New Testaments; but now we have broken the seals of God's great Nature Volume, and the few pages that men have thus far read show it to be another Testament from God; a third Testament that makes the verities of the Old and New Testaments appear a thousand times more wonderful than we had formerly realized."[1]

I have always found that those who love Nature in a sincere way are also great lovers of little children, great lovers of their fellow men, and great lovers of God.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Lovers of nature soon become lovers of God because they find evidences of God in nature at every step and along every trail.

[1] Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers, New York.

I have recently visited the home of Bishop Quayle at Baldwin, Kansas. I spent the day there among his books and his trees. I went out into that rock garden he had planted with his own hands, bringing rocks of every color and kind from the ends of the earth to strew them in utter abandonment through his rock garden. But somehow since looking at his rock garden, all rocks and stones are more beautiful to me; and now I know that there are

> "Books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones."

His daughter said to me as we walked through his trees: "Father used to stop and pat the trees. Sometimes he would go back to touch a tree, as he would to touch the head of a little child, and would say to me, 'Dear, sometimes I think they know it if I pass them and fail to speak to them, or touch them.' "

There is an old hollow log, that Bishop Quayle had carted into his yard. There is a little pool of water just large enough to nestle a real skiff on its surface—a skiff, "Snug" by name. There are flowers and white birch trees and a riot of vines and a jungle of brush and bush. No wonder a small boy, when asked

where Bishop Quayle lived, said: "Up behind that brush pile. He says he likes it, but I don't think he does."

But he did like it because he found God in mud and dust and dirt, and stones and trees. For to him it was always true that

> "In the mud and scum of things
> Something alway, alway sings."

God plays on every stop that nature has. You hear his voice; his sweet singing.

He plays that great vox humani stop we know as the wind in the pines, the surf along a quiet shore, the sough of the winds in a deep canyon. It is he who plays the viol stops of a whistling winter wind around an old house at night, that wail of winds in autumn, that far-off whine of winds in telephone wires. It is he who plays the flute stops of a bobolink's call, a bobwhite, a meadow lark in springtime, the call of a lark, the trill of a thrush, the note of a robin. These are the flutes in God's great pipe organ of the universe. It is he who plays the harp stops of the clang of wires on a frosty dawning, the snapping of twigs, the sound of winds in a willow tree.

It is God who plays the Magna Vox when the thunder rolls; when the far-off Niagara

rumbles through the woods, the crash of avalanche, the rush of the mighty typhoon.

Have you heard the wind in the trees on a stilly night? Did you have a strangely subdued spiritual reaction? What was it? That was God playing. Have you heard a red-winged blackbird warbling on a railroad bridge above a swamp on a glorious morning, when you were on your way to preach in your first country church? What was that? That was God at the organ of the universe, playing on one of the stops of the manual of nature. Did you hear another time, as you were tramping the country roads, a flock of bobolinks, just back from the southland, on fences and low trees, flying over a wheat-field, singing as if their little hearts would burst with the joy of spring, and nest-building, and mating, and love? What was that bewitching music? That was God at the organ of nature.

Wind in the trees, running brooks, rivers, mountain streams trickling over white stones; water gurgling under ice and snow in midwinter; water avalanches thundering over thousand-foot-high precipices in a Niagara or Yosemite; Grand Canyons, sunsets, dawns, "the morning stars" singing together—what does it all mean? Answer: It is God at the or-

gan playing the manual of nature! That is what it is, that sweet symphony of music. It could be nothing else but that!

That is the reason why you find your heart subdued to reverence in the stilly woods; listening to a far-off bird call, or a running stream, or the wind in the trees, or the whisper of the grasses. Your heart is subdued. You know not why. It is a holy hush that falls over you. Nothing else so subdues you. What is it? It is God at the organ, playing the stops of nature, revealing himself to you in this subtle way.

Did you hear through the trees on some sweet dawning the murmur of a brook, and in the holy hush of that Morning Watch did you feel an instinctive urge to prayer, a lifting of soul toward heaven? What was that? It was God playing on one of nature's stops in the organ of the universe.

Did you ever stop at some holy hush of vesper hour—that Angelus time which Millet has immortalized—to listen to a whip-poor-will singing across Narragansett Bay? And did the peace of the Infinite come upon you? And did you feel like kneeling in the pine forest to pray? What was it? It was God playing on the organ stop of a bird's throat that holy vesper hour.

Have you ever slept on the edge of the Grand Canyon, and all night long heard the sweep and the sway of the winds in that mighty abyss? Have you somehow felt that you were in the presence of Eternity at the sound of that soughing? What was it? It was God playing on one of nature's stops in the great organ of the universe. That's what it was.

Bishop Quayle left as his last will and testament *A Book of Clouds.* One never reads a Bishop Quayle nature book that he does not feel closer to God. It was fitting that Bishop Quayle came into my world, and to the attention of most of us, with *In God's Out-of-Doors.* Then that he left as his last book *A Book of Clouds.* That is a beautiful picture-frame for a man's life. And in between came *With Earth and Sky, Beside Lake Beautiful, The Prairie and the Sea, The Healing Shadow,* and that beautiful *The Book of Ruth.* And in his last, *A Book of Clouds,* the great bishop tells of how "from a child" he loved the clouds and neighbored with them. He was motherless, and his father was always absent; and his mother was in heaven; and the clouds were high—they were toward "where my mother was."

Clouds? "I did not need to have anyone point them out; my mother pointed them out;

and they pointed my mother out. What a quaint way mothers have of beckoning us whether they be earth-mothers or angel-mothers!" God "maketh the clouds his chariot," sings the psalmist.

The clouds pointed more than his mother out to this Quayle boy. They pointed out God also.

And Bishop Quayle is not the only great soul on earth who has found a revelation of God through nature, who has heard God playing at the manual of nature on the organ of the universe.

Dan Crawford in *Back to the Long Grass* tells of an African philosopher who said, in trying to prove the existence of God: " 'Whoever forgot there was a sun?' A proof this, that the African reads his book of nature so well in every rock and tree, God is staring him in the eyes and shouting in his ears."[1]

God plays on the organ of the universe through the

Manual of Human Stops

Poets, prophets and preachers are his human stops. Whenever you read or hear read a great poem like "Crossing the Bar" you hear God playing through the stop of a human soul.

[1] Reprinted by permission of the publishers in America, George H. Doran Company.

The poet too will tell you that it is not his poem; that it did not come to him but *through* him; that he feels no sense of ownership in it; that it was God talking through him. The poet is honest and he is right. Who spoke? Was it a poet spoke in "In Memoriam," "Silent Night," "Ode to a Skylark," "Invictus," and in that immortal music of "Paradise Regained" or Dante's "Divine Comedy"? Who spoke? Who made that music through the earth? It was God who spoke. It was God who sat at the organ of the universe playing that sweet music.

Whence came that beautiful music we call "The Moonlight Sonata"? Whence came the haunting refrains of an "Ave Maria"? Whence came the melodies of a Chopin, a Liszt, a Verdi, a Wagner? God is playing on the great organ of the universe through human stops.

Marys and Marthas, Johns and Pauls, Cromwells, Lincolns, Wilsons, Hugos, Shakespeares, Carlyles—these are the stops in the great organ of the universe through which God has been playing his music forever.

He plays through deeds and dreams of human kind. No man ever does a kindly thing, a brave thing, a loving thing, that God is not

playing through him. Humanity rises to the heights of bravery only now and then, like a few singers who reach rare high notes now and then. But in every brave deed God speaks and plays and sings.

He even plays through the blood stream, the nervous system, the eyes, the lips, the hands and feet of a human body. God plays through and uses all human life, and the body is one glorious instrument on which he plays. The human body is like a harp. God plays upon it and through it. It is a delicate instrument of beautiful music in the hands of God.

A harpist friend of mine had an old harp. She had played it for years. It had been a good harp to begin with, but as she grew older and went into concert work she got a more beautiful harp and threw that old harp away. After a time her mother, in rummaging through the attic, came upon this old harp and said, "We'll just give it to the Good Will Industries." She turned it over to an Italian truck driver who worked for the Good Will. His eyes beamed when he saw that old harp. He bought it for a week's wages from the Good Will storehouse.

After a few weeks he came back to the home of my harpist friend, and said, "May I play for you on the old harp you gave us?"

They let him play. His loving fingers touched the strings. Such sweet music came from that old cast-off harp as the harpist herself had seldom heard. It came from a cast-off harp in the hands of one who loved harps, who had taken the old harp and made a new harp of it, because he loved harps—even that old outcast of a harp.

So God, the great Organist, will take the worn-out strings, the battered hearts of us, we cast-offs of humanity, and make us new.

He cannot play if the stops of our hearts are sluggish. Sin and selfishness make them sluggish. Even the most skillful musician cannot play if a stop will not respond. He is hopeless and helpless if a solo stop refuses to respond to his touch. So is God. He is the Organist, but a sluggish, sin-clogged soul-stop will mar his music. Let us keep the soul-stop free and clear for him.

Let us "speak well," let us respond well to the touch of God. We are his solo-stops; his 'cellos, his harps, his violins; let us "speak well" by living well for him. Let us ever be alert to respond to his touch. Let us "speak well" for God!

Nothing is sadder than a mute organ; an organ that is never used. It hath a wistful

look. Lives too that remain mute are wistful, sad lives. Lives that do not allow themselves to be used of God are wistful, tragic lives. God pity such forever and a day.

Let the music of our lives, played on by the Master Musician, speak so beautifully that the world will cry out, "Open the door and let in some more of that music!"

"God is at the organ;
I can hear
A mighty music
Echoing far and near.
God is at the organ
And the keys
Are rolling billows,
Storm-strewn moorlands, trees."

Yes, God is at the organ of the universe this dawning. God is at the organ, and he is playing through the stops of science. He is playing through the manifold stops of nature. He is playing through prophets, priests, and poets. Human beings are his stops: his solo stops, his anthem stops, his "Hallelujah Chorus" stops, his "Marching to Zion" stops; his glory stops!

The Manual of Christ and the Cross

God played his sweetest music through Jesus Christ and the cross. Why? Because Christ

was more willing to be used! Why? Because Christ "spoke well" for God. Christ kept his blood stream, his nervous system, his eyes and heart and mind clean and clear. There was no sluggishness about this Solo Stop through which God played.

God played such music through the heart and harp of Jesus Christ that the world has been won with the lure and beauty of it. This Heart of Christ, this harp of a thousand strings, has won the world's hushed listening.

God is at the organ and we are the keys. Teachers, preachers, business men, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, poets, prophets, painters, neighbors, fraternal brothers in lodges and unions; men in public life and men in private life; and now that women have the ballot, men and women both in public life; we are the white keys; God plays through us.

One tone comes out as the voice, the soft, sweet voice of love!

One is a song that springs from human lips and hearts.

One full note is a word of appreciation of some deed done!

One is the croon of a mother at night.

One sweet note is a word of sympathy and tenderness!

Then came Christ.

He was only one, but what divine music God played through his life!

Through Christ God played the keys of love, sympathy, beauty, brotherhood, sacrifice, suffering, dying! The keys of Christ's life were beautifully alert and responsive. There was a wistful willingness to be played upon and through. Here was a heart fully atune. Here was a soul utterly responsive! Here was a man who wanted his life to be just what his Father wanted it to be. "Not my will but thine be done!" "Play on me! Make mighty music to echo far and near, that all the world may hear and know that thou art God. Let not a single key become dull or unresponsive to thy mighty touch or to thy most gentle touch! Let my whole being—my life, my body even, my sympathies, my power—be thine. Play through me, O Great Father Organist. Play through me, O thou Great Organist of the universe. Play through me, sing through me, love through me, lift men up through me, even if I have to be lifted up on the cross to lift men up to thee."

So Christ spoke to the Organist of his life! So Christ whispers to us.

And there came through him a "mighty music, echoing far and near!"

It was such music as the world had never heard before. It was the music of love! It was the music of forgiving one's enemies! It was the music of infinite sympathy! It was the music of sacrifice! It was the music of sunshine bursting through storm! It was the music of peace out of pain! It was the music of love bursting forth out of hate! It was the music of brotherhood bursting through selfishness!

Bethlehem, the wilderness, the hill of temptation, the Jordan, the pilgrimage, the Sanhedrin, Gethsemane, Calvary, the dawn, the Hill of Ascension—these were all keys in Christ's life through which God played: "A mighty music, echoing far and near!"

There is a great art picture of a group standing on a hill across Jerusalem looking back upon cloud-crowned Calvary! Three crosses loom in black silhouette against the night. The Temple veil is rent in twain. The scene is filled with awe and terror, power and prophecy, lightning streaks and love light. It is terrible like an army with swords! But it is music! In spite of all, it is music. It is God playing on the cross, through Christ!

It is another Paganini playing on that lone string of the cross:

"He shambled awkward on the stage, the while
Across the waiting audience swept a smile;
With awkward touch, when first he drew the bow,
He snapped a string; the audience tittered, low;
Another stroke, off flies another string.
With laughter now the waiting galleries ring.
A third string breaks its quivering strands,
And hisses greet the player as he stands.
He stands! The while his genius, unbereft,
Is calm. One string, and Paganini, left.
He plays! That one string's daring notes uprise
Against that storm, as if it sought the skies.
A silence falls, the people bow,
And they who erst had hissed, are weeping now.
And as the last notes quivering died away,
Some shouted, 'Bravo!' Some had learned to pray!"

So God, the great Organist, played the lone string of the cross, when all the world looked on in scorn, amid defeat and tragedy, amid dark and gloom, with the tides of the world set against him; played the lone string of the cross of Christ; played it so beautifully as to win the prayers and the bravos of the earth, because Christ was willing, with no sluggishness of sin, to make that stop slow to respond. It was a stop that "spoke well." God was playing:

"God is at the organ.
I can hear
A mighty music
Echoing far and near."

II

THE SPIRITUAL SENSING OF GREATNESS

"Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?"—Luke 24. 32.

THERE are certain scientific instruments that are fascinating to an ordinary observer. I recently saw a type of thermometer with a delicate pen which traced the chart of the weather, up and down like a typhoid chart, so that the casual observer, by watching this chart, could be his own weather man. I noticed many of these instruments in the mid-western agricultural country, and marveled at the accuracy of their response to weather conditions.

I remember at one time riding on the observation car of a train between Los Angeles and San Francisco. A few miles out of Los Angeles two men got on the train and attached a round, flat instrument to the rear end of the air-trap hose. Then they studied the needle on that instrument most minutely for a hundred miles or so. They were checking up on the engineer. They were watching the way he used his air to check the speed of the train at curves,

and when he drew into stations. They watched to see whether he stopped the train with a sudden jerk or gave it a preliminary check, slowing down gradually and intelligently. The men in charge told me that by handling his air brakes intelligently an engineer could save thousands of dollars in equipment because the sudden application of the air resulted in time in a serious breakdown of equipment on the entire train, and that this instrument made a chart showing just how the engineer was using the air. It was a perfect piece of mechanism.

I remember once being in the great Lick Observatory. Doctor Campbell was showing us the seismograph, an instrument for observing earthquakes. A delicate needle records the slightest trembling of the earth's surface no matter how far away the earthquake is.

As we were being shown this instrument it suddenly began to quiver. It made its record across the white chart. The observer made a quick calculation and said, "There is an earthquake far to the west of us—at least five thousand miles away, possibly in Japan." The next day the papers reported an earthquake that had shaken the Philippine Islands heavily.

The scriptural story for this sermon is the story of two delicately tuned souls. These dis-

ciples felt, rather than knew, that Jesus was with them even before he revealed himself unto them. After he had revealed himself unto them they said, "Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?"

Those men had the spiritual sensitiveness of soul to recognize Jesus spiritually. That is a great soul which can recognize greatness by feeling and sensing. It is a mark of greatness to recognize greatness. Only the dull clod fails to recognize greatness when greatness brushes by.

Illustrations in Literature of This Ability to Recognize Greatness

The most striking illustration of this thought is the story of Gareth and Lynette, the story of the young knight who went into Arthur's kitchen as a kitchen knave in order to prove his loyalty, with the understanding that he was to serve there twelve months and then go out as one of the Round Table Knights. The story of how he was assigned to Lynette to fight her battles for her and how she failed to recognize his greatness because she had seen him in the kitchen is a striking illustration of the average human being's attitude toward greatness. If greatness comes dressed in the habiliments of

greatness, it is recognized, but if it comes dressed in the habiliments of the kitchen, it is not recognized. However, in shame, Lynette was forced to recognize Gareth's greatness, as you will remember, after he had vanquished Kay, the head of the kitchen slaves, six robbers who were trying to drown one of King Arthur's knights, three fierce outlaw knights, and Lancelot himself, whom he fought in disguise, not knowing who he was. Then, and only then, did Lynette recognize this greatness in this young fighter.

When Gareth had secured his boon of the king and had entered the kitchen, Kay, the man in charge, did not recognize him for anything more than a kitchen boy and treated him as such, sneering and laughing at him as some runaway scullion who had not had enough to eat where he had served before and had run off to better fare.

But Lancelot, the noblest knight of the Round Table, was standing near when Kay was upbraiding Gareth and turned in fierceness on Kay and said:

"Sir Seneschal,
Sleuth-hound thou knowest, and gray, and all the hounds;
A horse thou knowest, a man thou dost not know:

Broad brows and fair, a fluent hair and fine,
High nose, a nostril large and fine, and hands
Large, fair, and fine!—Some young lad's mystery—
But, or from sheepcot or king's hall the boy
Is noble-natured. Treat him with all grace,
Lest he should come to shame thy judging of him."

Lancelot and King Arthur recognized the greatness in the visage of young Gareth. The king said when Gareth asked to be sent to the kitchen: "A goodly youth and worth a goodlier boon!"

I cite these instances to show that the king himself, and Lancelot, the bravest knight in the court, recognized the mark of greatness in young Gareth even though he did ask to be sent as a scullion to the kitchen. Kay, the keeper of the kitchen, was not big enough in his soul to recognize greatness when he saw it. That is about like life generally. The bigger a soul is, the quicker he is to recognize greatness. The kings recognize greatness; the kitchen Kays do not.

In Tennyson's poem "Geraint and Enid" there is another illustration of this strange and uncanny spiritual ability to recognize greatness in spiritual realms. Young Geraint has been besieged and beset by robbers and has been beaten. He has fought and conquered,

but he does not look in fit condition. His clothes are torn, and he is in many ways bespattered and broken, and yet the old Earl Yniol recognizes greatness in him:

"Then, cried Earl Yniol, 'Art thou he indeed,
Geraint, a name far-sounded among men
For noble deeds? and truly I, when first
I saw you moving by me on the bridge,
Felt ye were somewhat, yea, and by your state
And presence might have guessed you one of those
That eat in Arthur's hall in Camelot.'"

In a recent American Magazine article H. G. Wells, the English author, made bold to select the five greatest men of all time. We like to do this. We like to have it done. We are by nature hero worshipers. We like to recognize greatness. In the article mentioned I think that most of the world would be in complete agreement with Mr. Wells in two of the leaders that he selected—Jesus Christ and Lincoln. Our spiritual natures instinctively recognize the greatness of these two great souls regardless of our opinions of the divinity of Christ. Our hearts go out to pay them homage and love and to recognize their spiritual greatness.

Thomas Carlyle's book on *Heroes and Hero Worship* is a fascinating study. It is a universal expression of that thing in our human

hearts which makes us worship greatness when we are able to see it.

It is interesting to summarize the men whom Carlyle calls the great of the earth.

The chapters in this book are:

"The Hero as Divinity," in which he discusses old Odin, paganism, and the weird Scandinavian mythology. "The Hero as Prophet," in which he discusses Mohammed and Islam, that great religious movement which has encircled the globe. "The Hero as Poet," in which he discusses Dante and Shakespeare. "The Hero as Priest," in which he discusses Luther and the Reformation; Knox and Puritanism. "The Hero as Man of Letters," in which he brings back such heroes as Johnson, Rousseau, and Robert Burns, loved of many millions of English-speaking people. "The Hero as King" brings Napoleon, and Cromwell, who was, as Drinkwater says, "the lord of his event."

We love these men who become the lords of their events.

We have a natural and an instinctive response to a man who climbs out from the obscurity of time to the mountain heights.

That phrase hurled into our waiting hearts is like a great man hurled into a great event:

"And Cromwell was the lord of his event." Drinkwater says this about Lincoln also in that great poem and drama on Lincoln: "And Lincoln was the lord of his event."

So may it be said of Luther, Dante, Napoleon, Hugo, Tennyson, Rodin, Goethe, and others on the roll of the great of the earth. And so may it be said of Jesus the Christ, "And Jesus is the Lord of all events and all movements and all ages!"

How the World Shows Its Recognition of Greatness

The world of humanity could not live without some mechanical way of showing its recognition of greatness any more than little girls could live without dolls, or little boys without play-wagons, or grown-up boys without baseballs and golf sticks.

The world simply *must* recognize greatness and it must have its toys of recognition. It would be utterly miserable without its Halls of Fame and its Pulitzer prizes. That is one way which man has of playing, and it is one way which humanity has of hoping, dreaming, and aspiring.

The Croix de Guerre is a mere bit of iron and brass with a ribbon showing the tricolors

of militant France. We Americans scorn decorations and medals but we do not refuse them. Indeed, I think that we should not refuse them. They have a real part in the spiritual life of the race of humanity. They afford us one way of recognizing and acknowledging greatness.

I myself have taken my little journeys into the homes and hearts of the great. I believe that it is good for us to do so. I make every opportunity that I can make without obtruding myself to meet great men of the earth.

We have our Carnegie medals; we have our "Hall of Fame" as France has her "Academy," as England has her Westminster Abbey. We have our Pulitzer prizes, as Norway has her Nobel prizes for distinction in science, literature, and service. We have our poetry prizes, and we have our American ways of recognizing greatness when we see it!

The Recognition of Spiritual Greatness

1. Greatness is infrequently recognized in humble places because it takes spiritual greatness to recognize greatness in others. To this is due the biblical phrase, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." This is no reflection on the prophet but on the folks at home. It is their own littleness that makes

them fail to recognize his greatness. It takes an expert to recognize the real value of a diamond before it has been polished and prepared for market. Just so it takes a real spiritual genius to recognize spiritual greatness in the rough. It was out of this psychology that arose the phrase, "casting pearls before swine."

2. It takes greatness to recognize greatness. It is always a great compliment to a human being when that human being at once and spontaneously recognizes and acknowledges greatness with utter abandonment and without reservation. It is to John's everlasting credit that he at once recognized the greatness of Jesus the Christ. And it was to be expected of Jesus that he in turn should recognize John, and when they criticized John that he should say, "You are entirely mistaken about John. He is no reed shaken by the winds. John is the greatest of the prophets up to this time. You have had a prophet in your midst and you were not big enough to know that he was here."

Carlyle says: "No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men."

3. We cannot think about great men without becoming greater.

I like to read the lives of great men. I like to think about them. I believe that most of us do. I like to read every book that I can about Cromwell, Gladstone, Lincoln, Roosevelt, and such men. It lifts me to the white peaks to do this, and I can never forget what I saw up there. I can never be the same after I have lived with these great souls through books.

Carlyle says about this feature of recognition of greatness, "We cannot think, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him!"

If I had anything to do with the training of children, I would fill their libraries with biography. I would fill their souls with reverence for the great men and women of the earth. I would fill their minds with knowledge contained in books about these great folk of humanity. I would thus teach them greatness.

4. Greatness is often at our very doorsteps or down in the mud and scum of things.

5. When the roll call of the great of the earth is called they all name Jesus as King of kings.

Nobody denies the supreme greatness of the sun in the skies. It is the source of all of our light, heat, and existence. Nobody attempts to argue about the sun as compared with the stars.

Others may come and go, and have their little day. "They are but broken lights of Thee." Halley's comet may blaze across the skies for a summer and then go out on its seventy-five-year-long pathway, but the sun is always the king of kings, and undisputed. It is supreme! So the world recognizes the greatness of Jesus. There are Isaiah, Moses, Jeremiah, David and Paul, but nobody ever thinks of their greatness in the same sky with that of the Son of sons. That is a mark of his supremacy. Consequently, the man who fails to recognize the greatness and kingship of Jesus places himself on a pretty low level of intellectuality and spiritual greatness. He is one of the spiritual hogs before whom the Pearl of great price has been cast. He does not pick it up and claim it his own, because he is not big enough of soul to recognize the Pearl of great price.

The man or woman who fails to accept Jesus and to recognize his kingship and his spiritual lordship, fully and completely, and without reservation, stamps himself as low in the scale of humanity.

Carlyle says in *Heroes and Hero Worship:* "I would rather be a peasant son that knows—were it ever so rudely—that there is a God in heaven and in man, than to be a duke's son who

knows how many quarters are on the family coach."

I would rather have that spiritual insight and that spiritual greatness to recognize the fact that there is a God in Israel and a Christ in human life available for me than to be a combination of Crœsus and Napoleon.

I would rather recognize that "There is none other name above his in heaven and earth whereby men may be saved," than to inherit the earth.

Jesus had that divine, intuitive ability to recognize something of worth in all of us. That is the supreme hope of human kind. That is the supreme glory of the Master.

Briefly the great English essayist says that spirituality is two things—a perception and a performance. This sermon deals with the perception part. The supremely spiritual life is able to perceive not only God in life for himself but God in humanity.

To perceive Christ is the great inspiration point of all life's climb: In the famous Yosemite Valley, in California, there is a place called Inspiration Point, because from it you can command a view of the whole valley—forward, backward, this side and that. So, in the center of the ages, in the center of the gospel

story of the life of Christ, there is one great "Inspiration Point." It is the cross on Calvary. It looks back and explains the birth of Jesus to save from all sins; it looks forward to the fullness of the times when all God's redeemed ones shall be brought to glory. From the cross we get the true character of man's sin and of God's matchless love; from the cross, the only hope for a lost and sinful humanity. This is God's "Inspiration Point," and, standing there, we can understand Paul's vehement cry, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Many of you will remember from your childhood the story of *Sindbad the Sailor.* When Sindbad went to Serendib he found that nothing could exceed the riches and the grandeur of the king. Nothing could excite greater admiration than the magnificence of his palace. When this prince wished to appear in public a throne was prepared for him on the back of an elephant; on this he sat and proceeded between two files composed of his ministers, favorites, and others belonging to the court. Before him, on the same elephant, sat an officer with a golden lance in his hand, and behind the throne another stood with a pillar of gold on the top of which was placed an emerald about six

inches long and an inch thick. He was preceded by a guard of a thousand men, habited in silk and gold stuffs, and all mounted on elephants which were richly caparisoned.

When the king was on his march, the officer who sat before him on the elephant from time to time cried with a loud voice, "This is the great monarch, the powerful and magnanimous Sultan of the Indies, whose palace is covered with a hundred thousand rubies, and who possesses twenty thousand diamond crowns."

After pronouncing these words the officer who stood behind the throne cried in his turn, "This monarch, who is so great and powerful, must die, must die, must die." The first officer then replied, "Hail to him who lives and dies not."

So we come to the conclusion:

First: that Christ has this divine and spiritual intuition that recognizes in all of us a certain possible greatness; a spark of genius; a something that made him know that we were worth dying for on the cross. Like the traveler who recognized the diamonds among the stones, rough and uncouth though they were, so he sees in us, rough and uncouth as we are, infinite possibilities.

Second: As we look, in turn, upon Christ

from the "Inspiration Point" of the cross of Calvary we suddenly find that we have that Divine spiritual intuition which makes it possible to recognize in him supreme greatness and thereby become great ourselves. No man can look from Inspiration Point down upon the sublime grandeur of Yosemite Valley and ever be the same again in all his life. That memory of beauty, power, and rugged strength will haunt him all his days. It will color his life. It will lift his soul to the high heights of God. It will weave a mist of magic miracle about his dreams. It will give new glory to his visions. So with one who looks upon the life of Christ from Mount Calvary, the "Inspiration Point" of all time. From that height things look different. There even the eyes of the blind are opened and they are able to see the greatness of Christ. Even if never before, then and there we *see!* Even if, like Judas, we were never convinced until Calvary, there we suddenly leap to acknowledge him as King of kings.

Third: The story of the king in *Sindbad the Sailor* brings a commanding note into our souls. Even if we had not been convinced at Calvary, surely when the resurrection morning came, and we beheld a Man who could take

death by the throat and conquer its hitherto unconquerable powers, we must acclaim Christ's supremacy. Here is a Man who rises from the grave and smiles at groveling and conquered death. Here is a Man who breaks the shackles of the world's hardest taskmaster and slave driver. Here is a great Man who masters heaven and hell and death!

In the words of the sailor we suddenly cry—even those who were not convinced at Calvary: "Hail to Him who lives and dies not!"

In John Drinkwater's play "Abraham Lincoln" he has one of the Chroniclers say:

> "When the high heart we magnify,
> And the sure vision celebrate,
> And worship greatness passing by,
> Ourselves are great!"[1]

So are we.

When we have that beautiful, delicate, seismographic sense of the greatness of others about us, we ourselves are great.

When we have that delicate, seismographic sense of the greatness of Jesus Christ, we see and hear new revelations of God in all things and everywhere.

[1] From *Abraham Lincoln*, by John Drinkwater. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers, New York.

III

SENSITIZED TO GOD

"Be still, and know that I am God."—Psalm 46. 10.

A WHILE ago I talked with a great skin specialist, a man who knows his business. We got to talking about what he called "sensitized skins." He meant by that just what the dictionary gives as a definition of sensitization: "A skin that is in some peculiar manner sensitized to certain poisons; peculiarly susceptible to them; a skin that responds very quickly to the presence of such poisons, or weeds, or atmospheric conditions."

He gave me two or three illustrations of what he meant. He told me of how a certain woman whom he knew was what he called "sensitized to cats." He told of how that woman was poisoned by cats in a room and of how her skin would break out if she handled cats. For a long time this woman had a skin disease and could never find out what caused it. Then after a number of years of this affliction they discovered that she had this eruption of her skin after she had visited in a cer-

tain home where she had handled an Angora cat. Then this doctor looked into the matter and discovered that she was sensitized to cats.

She told him that she could tell when a cat was in the room whether she could see it or not. He tested her out one day when he was expecting her to visit his office. He had a cat hidden in a box in the room. The minute the woman stepped into the office she said: "There's a cat in here. I feel it! Take it out!"

This doctor also told me the story of how some people are sensitized to certain weeds and that this is the chief cause of hay fever, asthma and other diseases which cause irritation to the mucous membrane. This irritation is due to the fact that certain people have such delicate membranes that pollen from a specific weed will irritate and poison those membranes.

This is also the cause of freckles. People who freckle do so because they have so-called aristocratic skins. Their skin is made of finer stuff than the average and they are sensitized to the sun to a greater degree than other people. Indeed, the presence of freckles in anybody is a mark of delicacy of the skin texture.

Every time we read of a mine horror the world is once again reminded that the canary is especially sensitive to certain gases that

will kill instantly. These little canaries are carried in cages into a mine where the presence of this deadly gas is suspected. They are so sensitive to this gas that its presence is discovered before it kills human beings, who are much less sensitive to its presence. Canaries are sensitized to this gas.

It is a fact well known to us that piano keys are sensitized to vibrations of like numbers. A certain piano string will respond to the vibrations made by a violin string of the same number. If a violinist strikes a string on his violin or a harpist on his harp, that same string on the piano will start to vibrate also. This is because it is sensitized to that exact number of vibrations.

It is a beautiful thing to know that in just this same manner human beings, especially children, are sensitized to affection and love.

I had a beautiful experience a year ago. A dear child whom I had come to love was afflicted with Saint Vitus' dance. The poor child tossed about in her bed continuously until the mother and father and grandparents were worn out with watching and anxiety. I went to see her. The minute I stepped into the hall downstairs, although I was a long distance from her bed, she knew my step and my

voice. She would say "Mr. Stidger" before anybody else knew who it was. Then I would sit by her bed and hold her hand and talk with her and tell her stories about birds, and her tossing about would perceptibly cease.

It was a beautiful thing to feel that child's response to voice and love. Children, as Luther Burbank says, are the most sensitive plants on earth. As I have discussed elsewhere in this book, Mr. Burbank shows what a tremendous force it takes to change iron or metal of any kind. It takes the strongest of acids, the most intense heat, the most powerful pressure. In the plant world the response is quicker than in the metallic world. A plant will respond to such outside stimuli as alcohol, ether, medicine, heat, cold; but the most sensitive plant in God's wonderful world is the child plant. A child will respond more quickly to any outside influence than any other living thing on the earth—unless it be a woman responding to love.

Sensitized to Sin

Some people are sensitized to sin. I mean by that, that they are susceptible to certain sins more than to others. They have souls peculiarly sensitive to certain sins. They "fall for"

certain sins, as our Americanism would put it. As a sensitized membrane is peculiarly sensitive to certain poisons and certain pollens, so are certain souls sensitive to certain sins.

I know some people who are sensitized to jealousy, so that, if there is even the slightest, the most flimsy, flying grain of the pollen of the weed of jealousy about anywhere—jimson weed or rag-weed, or stink-weed of jealousy—their eyes begin to water, their cheeks to burn, and their souls to be set on fire. It is a pitiable thing to be so sensitive to the sin of jealousy; or, rather, to the poison of jealousy, for that is exactly what jealousy is—a sin and a poison to the body and soul.

I know some people who are sensitized to envy. If they see anybody else who has something which they do not have, they are envious. Such a person cannot be happy in seeing others happy. He begins to feel the prickly irritation of envy in the presence of the happiness or gain of others. Envy too is a sin; but it is also a poison. God pity the soul that is sensitized to envy.

Selfishness, suspicion, and pride are all forms of sins and poisons to which some of us are particularly sensitive.

Lord Byron is the most striking illustration

of a man whose soul was soiled and spoiled by sensitiveness to sin. This was to the sin of pride. He had a club foot and became so sensitive about this club foot that it ruined his life. Some of his poetry is truly beautiful poetry, but his life was singed and spoiled with this sin.

"What is the cure for jealousy?" I can hear a million eager souls crying through the night. "What is the cure?" I can hear it from a million husbands and wives who have ruined their homes and broken their own hearts. "What is the cure?" I can hear the moan of a million girls who have shattered love's young dream by jealousy, envy, pride, and selfishness. What is the cure? Tell us quickly. Mayhap there may still be a chance and still be time to mend broken hearts and bind up old wounds and rehabilitate life. "What is the cure?" I can hear the cry coming from the throats of a million men who have ruined their professional and business lives because of this sensitiveness to the sin of jealousy, envy, pride, and selfishness.

And there is moaning in the night, groaning and heartache, pain and tragedy. It is a sin-sick world. It is a sin-sick humanity, this humanity, sensitized to sin. Hay fever and asthma are dreadful sicknesses. They are

about the most cruel sicknesses that I know. But there is something ten thousand times worse than a skin which is sensitive to poison, and that is a soul which is sensitive to sin.

What is the cure?

The cure is to be made immune to poison by the love of God. The cure is found in the words of my text, "Be still, and know that I am God!" Sensitize your souls to God and they will be desensitized to sin!

You cannot have God and disease in your soul at the same time. You cannot have God and jealousy, God and envy, God and pride, God and selfishness. God makes one immune to the poison of sin!

Sensitized to the Spiritual

Some people are sensitized to spiritual things. They find their souls responding to spiritual things at once. They find their most perfect happiness in spiritual atmospheres. They prefer spiritual things to crass things. They find their souls leaping out to meet the spiritual as if their souls had a divine affinity for the spiritual. We may all become sensitized to the spiritual if we so wish.

Some people are so sensitized to joy that when they are in the presence of joy in others

they get as much joy out of the joy of others as they do out of their own joy. That spirit makes their world full and overflowing all the time. That is real joy! Some folks are so beautifully sensitized that they get as much happiness out of the success of other people as they do out of their own success.

Anyone who has tried this knows that it works. It brings an abundance of happiness into our lives. That is the glory of it. It works. You double and triple and quadruple your own happiness by being able to get happiness out of the happiness and success of others. If your soul is sensitized to the success of others, your world of joy is full to overflowing.

How is it possible to do this? I am asked. The world is so full of professional jealousy, so full of selfishness that it is hard to bring yourself to enjoy the success of others, to be truly happy over the advance of others, especially those in your own profession. How is it possible for poor, weak humans to rise to these heights?

My text answers that question: "Be still, and know that I am God."

Sensitized to Christ

What a glorious thing it is to be sensitized

to Christ, to be so aware of him, to have your soul so acutely attuned, so sensitive to his presence that your heart beats with high joy in the presence of Christlike people, Christlike things, acts, and Christlike living!

What a glorious thing it is to be so sensitized to Christ that you love him on sight, that when you read about him, think about him, and pray to him, you feel his presence at once.

He is all about us and we do not know it. At least many folks do not know him and have no awareness of his presence.

Thank God for the souls that *know* he is about! Thank God for the souls who have an awareness of Christ! Thank God for the souls who feel his presence! These rare souls are sensitized to Christ in prayer! They can pray and suddenly know that he is there. They can pray and carry themselves into his presence.

I shall never forget the address that closed the great Centenary Meeting in the North Woodward Tabernacle in Detroit. That old Tabernacle ought to have been torn down after that great address. That was the climax. It had served its purpose then. The speaker summoned Christ into the presence of that audience. He told of his vision; of the burden he had that he should make the kind of an address

that would be worthy of the occasion. He told of how he had prayed and prayed over that night. Then of how in a vision Christ had promised to be there with him and stand there beside him and make his presence felt by the people. Then he urged the people to feel and see and *know* that Christ was there standing beside him on the platform. It was electrical. Christ was there. We shall never forget his presence.

So it is that some people are so sensitized to prayer that they can bring an audience or bring their own souls into the very presence of Christ. Prayer ought to do that to the believing heart. That spirit is the function of real prayer. It ought to do that. If our souls were keenly sensitized to prayer, that is exactly what we could feel.

Some dear folk are sensitized to Christ's sympathy. Few souls have approached the keenness of sympathy that Christ had in his soul. Sympathy is truly one of the great Christian virtues. True sympathy is one of the rarest spiritual responses. This is the mark of a real Christian.

Christ's sympathy with sinners, with the lepers, with the sisters of Lazarus, with the crucified slaves on the crosses of his day, with the

downtrodden people of Judæa under Roman rule, with the economically depressed, with the thief on the cross stands out as a sublime example of fellow feeling with human beings who needed sympathy. It is a sublime story, is this story of the sympathetic heart of Christ.

Sympathy expresses itself in a thousand ways. It may be expressed at a ball game. It may be a young recruit who has come to bat. He is nervous. It is his first game in public. The score is tied, and what he does may settle his fate in a big league. He stands at the plate nervous and eager. Two strikes. Then suddenly the pitcher whirls the ball like a bullet from a rifle, and the recruit sends it over the fence—and tears come to your eyes. That is sympathy! Thank God for it. No need of shame for those tears. That is the Christ in you!

You saw a child, a poor child, looking wistfully in at a window full of dolls, and the tears came to your eyes. Sympathy! You saw a poor man on a street car with a weary look in his eyes. Tears and sympathy! That is glorious. That is Christ in you.

Home? Do you lack sympathy at home? Do you fail to realize that your wife has some problems as well as you yourself? Do you fail

to understand that her nerves as well as your own are strained to the breaking point?

What a marvelous thing it would be to have a husband who could understand the frets and worries, the strains and stresses of running a home, the monotony of dish washing, the worry of children—and glory of it, the strain of it! That man would be perfect. He rarely exists. But if he were Christlike in his sympathies, he would come nearer to existing.

The same reciprocity is due to a man from a wife. The same sympathy is the right of a child. A child needs sympathy at certain periods of its life more than it needs anything else. When puberty comes and adolescence, the one thing that your sensitive, timid, fighting, growing, developing girl and boy needs is sympathy and understanding. God pity the child that does not have it!

Sympathy? What a beautiful thing it is!

I asked one of the most successful preachers in London what one thing more than any other contributed to his success. He responded, "Sympathy."

He said, "These English are said to be hard, unresponsive, and unemotional. But we humans are all alike. I go up to them and put my arm around the boys and men. They like it!

They like it!" His eyes danced, tears came into them, and his face was light with glory. I saw Christ then! Let's get our souls sensitized to Christ. Let's be keen to know him and feel him near. Let's let his life and his soul play on our souls and light our lives with fire. Let's be susceptible to his influence and to his presence.

Let us allow the glorious bells of Christ's beautiful life dominate our souls; set the tones of our lives and our living. Let us be so sensitized to God and Christ and eternal things that we hear God talking his messages to us.

IV

CONTACT WITH THE CURRENTS OF GOD

"For she said, If I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole."—Mark 5. 28.

She knew that God was at the organ of his universe, did this woman. She knew that there would be no sweet music in her life until the great Organist himself touched the keys, and until the currents of his life flowed through her. This woman knew that, if she could get in contact with this life she would be made whole. She knew that through Christ these currents flowed. She had a woman's instinctive knowledge that all she needed to do was to get that contact and the currents that would flow through her diseased body would cleanse its impurities, and she would be made whole.

The other day I saw a monoplane start for Chicago. I arrived three minutes before twelve. The chief engineer was there, as was the man who designed this plane, which carries a ton of freight every day to Chicago.

The engineers watched their watches. Twelve o'clock noon came. "Contact!" shouted

the pilot. There was a bombardment of explosions, a whirr of wings, a cloud of dust, and into the air went this glistening silver ship, flashing in the sunlight. It circled over our heads, and turned its nose westward.

"What time will he be in Chicago?" I asked.

"By two-thirty; and back again, after unloading and loading, by six o'clock."

"Contact!" is the great word of the aviator when he is ready to start. Contact gives light and contact gives power. Contacts with the great currents of life are many. Currents are many. This is a sermon on currents and contacts.

A study of the air currents is a fascinating thing. Innumerable books have been written in recent years on air currents, some of which I have read with as much of a thrill as I read an exciting detective story. Navigation of the air in modern years has made it necessary to know and chart the air currents. The Weather Bureau, in addition to keeping the farmer informed of the antics of these currents of the air which produce rain and storm, must also keep the aviator informed; and that will be more and more true as the great air-lanes become inhabited.

The ocean currents are just as real, and just

as fascinating. The truth of the matter is that this sermon was born on the Atlantic as I sat watching several great icebergs as large as the Woolworth Building, swinging southward, just outside the Saint Lawrence River. Sea currents were sweeping these bergs to the south. The Gulf Stream, the Japan stream, the arctic currents, and innumerable lesser streams and currents sweep through the oceans of the earth with as definite paths as the Lincoln Highway makes across our continent. These currents and streams influence climate, health, and wealth, because they temper the winds and seasons.

Land currents are just as real as air currents and sea currents. The earth is in a constant state of flux and flow. Emerson so testifies:

"All things are flowing, even those that seem immovable. The earth burns, the mountains burn, slowly, but as incessantly as wood in the fire. The marble column, the brazen statue burn under the daylight and would soon decompose if their molecular structure, disturbed by the raging sunlight, were not restored by the darkness of the night. Plants and animals burn, or perpetually exhale their own bodies into the air and earth again."

"The winds and the rains come back a thousand times. The coal on your grate gives out in decomposing to-day exactly the same amount of light and heat which was taken from the sunshine in its formation in the leaves and boughs of the antediluvian tree."

And now science comes and shouts the news to us that the electrons have their currents that are in constant flux and flow, whirling, spinning, revolving, like the planets in their circles, miniature constellations, flowing and ebbing like the tides of these tiny seas.

Then there are those great flowing currents of human life which flow through all the ages like a mighty stream, full and sure, from leaf to leaf, and life to life; from flower to flower, and faith to faith, with flux and flow, and with tumultuous tidal timeliness.

It is an epic tale that Dallas Lore Sharp tells us in *The Spirit of the Hive;* that tale of God's launching of the tidal stream of life for flower and plant; and his provision that these mighty currents never cease; and that when the time comes, each tiny flower and plant shall have its "contact" with this current of life and living, so that coming generations of flowers and folks may survive and carry on.

Back of these currents of the air and sea—

these currents flowing through stone and tree and plant, flowing in ceaseless constellations—back of these currents of electrical power and energy, back of these currents of life and living in bee, butterfly, plant, and bird, is God, "keeping watch above his own." He is the source of all these life currents. He is the impetus and the urge. And the important thing for all life is that it gets its contact at the proper time with these flowing currents. It either gets these contacts or it dies. Emerson has two lines that sing it to us:

> "The quaking earth did quake in rhyme,
> Seas ebbed and flowed in epic chime."

The Power of These Currents Is Always There to Be Used

Tungsten, as I suggest elsewhere, was always here as one of the basic metals. It has been here since the beginning of time, but we have not found it until recent years. Its discovery made possible the radio, the X-ray, and a hundred things of like importance to the earth and humanity. It is one of the basic metals always available, but we did not discover it. The possibility of radio, and insulin, and the airship was always here, but we have been stupidly slow in discovering these things.

Electricity was always here, but we were, and are, slow in discovering its possibilities. Doctor Banks tells of how Humboldt found on the banks of the Orinoco some native children playing with shining seeds of some plant which they would rub together in their hands, and then, by means of the electricity evoked, they would attract tiny particles floating in the air. Humboldt said, "They little knew the power with which they were playing."

So we little know of the power that is yet to be evoked from that tremendous thing we call electricity. What we do now may look like child's play to our children's children, compared with what they will be doing with electricity.

Emerson says, "A drop of water is known to have electrical power and relations equivalent to a very powerful flash of lightning."

It is here for us to use. What is here? Answer: Infinite electrical power flowing, flowing, flowing always and everywhere if we learn how to get contact with these illimitable currents.

God who set flowing the currents of electrons in stone and wood; the God who set flowing the currents of the Milky Way and started the morning stars to singing together, the God who

set the currents of life in mud and scum, in plant and flower, in bird and bee and butterfly, this God set these currents flowing in order that when we get our contacts we may live. He also set to flowing spiritual currents that mean life and light and power if we get contact with them through Jesus Christ.

The woman understood. Her instinct told her that if she could but touch the hem of the clothes of Jesus, she would come into contact with the ever-flowing currents of physical and spiritual life and that she would be made whole. She knew that doctors had not helped her. Indeed, she had "suffered much" from doctors in her long illness. She knew that the power was there, flowing through and from Jesus, power that would cure her body and her soul. Her instinct told her that all she needed to do was come in contact with that power flowing through Jesus.

So is God's power, flowing through Jesus, always available. It is always there for our cure and our comfort if we know enough to get contact with it.

Contact With These Currents Demands an Act of Desire and Will

A mere child can turn on a faucet in the

house, and in doing so that child, standing tiptoe to reach the faucet, turns on the oceans, the rivers, the lakes, the clouds, the world's streams, and makes them available to the cleansing of house and body.

A mere child can turn a switch on an automobile and make available power of sun, and stars, and moon, and lightning to bear you across the continent with terrific speed. A baby can touch an electrical button and turn the eternal sun's light into your dark house by night. That child turns on the light of the Dog Star and the Pleiades. I saw an ignorant boy press a button in the largest filtration plant in the world a few hot nights ago, and then I heard a roar, and the thousands of gallons of water in a pool dropped swiftly down a tunnel, and the bare, dirty filtration sand only remained at the bottom of the tank. Then the boy pressed another button and the water began to pour up through that sand from the bottom, and before our fascinated eyes that water changed from a dirty, scummy yellow to a crystal clear white, as pure as crystal water from a mountain spring. That cleansing had been done by both currents of water pouring through that white sand, and by electrical currents that urged that water upward and forced

it through the sand. But an ignorant boy had turned on the switch which opened the chutes, and shot the river upward through that sand. It was a perfect illustration of the truth that currents of spiritual power are available to any person, rich or poor, wise or foolish, who will make an earnest effort of will to make the right contacts. Emerson says: "If a straw is held in the direction of the ocean current, the sea will pour through it as through Gibraltar." He also speaks of a tiny sailboat "tapping the tempest." So are all the spiritual currents that flow from the soul of God the Eternal, available to the least of us if we make a definite effort, take a definite step toward that contact; if we make an act of desire and will the initial move toward that contact, all of God is available to us.

The Exciters of Life's Spiritual Currents

Once when I was in an electrical laboratory they showed me a huge dynamo, which it had taken a year to build and which it had taken three months to test out. It was as large as a small church. At the end of it I saw a tiny dynamo about as large as the one that is used to run a vacuum sweeper or a washing machine. It was attached to the giant dynamo. I asked

the man who was taking me through what it was for.

He said, "That is what we call an exciter."

"What is an exciter?" was my natural question.

"It is a small dynamo which we start running. It starts flowing currents of electrical magnetism in the electrical field. That helps to set the big dynamo going and the electrical currents flowing. The little exciter is essential to the working of the big dynamo." So a draft of air through an open window will draw a bolt of lightning from the sky in spite of the denial of this fact by the penny papers and the Sunday colored sheets. Scientists say that even so slight a current of air as an open window will attract a lightning bolt. It is on the same principle as the exciter. I have seen a tiny whirlwind attract a great current of air, until it grew into a cyclonic cloud in a few minutes. It is the same principle as priming a pump to make the currents of water flow fully and freely.

There are also spiritual exciters that will attract and draw to one's life and soul all of the eternal, onrushing, power-impending spiritual currents in the electrical spiritual field of love and life. I name some of these exciters which

start the spiritual currents to flowing toward us and through us to all the world.

One is a kindly deed. Do a kindly deed each day, as the Boy Scouts say, and before you know it you will feel the warm flush of spiritual currents flowing through you. You will feel kindlier each day toward others. You will do other kindly deeds, and larger ones. You will not confine yourself to one or two kindly deeds, but you will be doing a score of them each day. You will feel new strength pouring into and through you. You will find yourself drawing hosts of friends to you and about you. It will be a hilarious experience. Never neglect the impulse to do a single kindly deed in life.

One of the spiritual exciters is an act of giving. Even if it is only giving a nickel, give it. Even if it is only handing an extra penny to a newsboy, do it. He who gives, lives. Give to live. More giving is more life to anybody. Each time you give, you start the electrical spiritual currents to flowing through your eternal soul. The whole spiritual electrical field is opened to you, to pour through you.

I know a great man of wealth who recently is giving more than usual. He is finding that giving brings to him a spiritual flush of joy and satisfaction. He is finding that giving

brings a real pleasure to him. I discover that he is gentler in his general attitude and bearing than he was two years ago. In this very process of giving he is getting away from the great materialistic machine that he has built up. Giving always acts as an exciter to more giving. This exciter starts the whole field of spiritual electrical power to flowing through one's soul, cleansing that soul and burning out its dross, filling it with power, light, and life.

Another spiritual exciter is giving a little bit of love. Did you ever feel an impulse to kiss somebody you love—a wife, a child, a sister, or even a brother—and then draw back because it is not dignified, and in the drawing back crush the impulse? We all have. Just then we lost a chance to let that spiritual exciter start the whole eternal field of electrical love flowing toward us and through us.

Love begets love. If a tear comes unbidden to your eyes, a tear of sympathy, of friendly response to another's sorrow or joy or loss, do not crush it, for you are thus impeding the flow of the spiritual powers that love always invokes. Respond to every impulse of love. Let no tears be dried if they come impulsively to your heart. If you feel like giving somebody you love a little pat of love as you pass by, if

you feel like speaking a word of commendation to a child, for God's sake do not smother that noble impulse. It is the stuff out of which God makes angels.

Every response that you make to a noble impulse toward love is an exciter that starts the currents of electrical love flowing from the world's greatest field of love, which is the heart of God.

The Mediums Through Which These Cosmic Currents Flow

From the beginning of time the currents of cosmic consciousness have flowed down through humanity. Whenever and wherever a man would open his soul and let these currents in and through, they have flowed freely and fully, and that man has brought light, love, and power to the poor miserable world of humanity. He has been one of the lords of his event. These have been the leaders of humanity because humanity has instinctively felt the power there—felt the light and the love. Just as the woman knew, through her instinct, that if she could but touch the garments of Christ, she would be made well, so humanity always knows where the cosmic currents flow. You don't need to put up any sign warning the world

that so many volts are hidden there, and to beware. The world's people know where the currents of cosmic spiritual consciousness flow, and they are irresistibly drawn in that direction. As a result certain people have a host of friends, and certain men and women become the invincible leaders of their particular groups. It is because they radiate magnetism. It is because the spiritual currents are flowing through them. They have gotten contact with the cosmic currents, and they exude power and love and light, so that the world surrounds them as bees surround the honeyed flower.

The minute that Moses gave up his place in the Pharaoh's court, gave up his luxuries, gave up his rich friends, gave up his assured place in life, and held himself open for God to flow through, that minute he became a great leader of his people, and they were attracted to him and followed him willingly.

The worthy prophets and poets opened their hearts for the flow of God through them with his currents of love. They have lived because the whole world has felt the contact with this power through their lives. We read what Poet David says and sings; and we read what Prophet Isaiah lives and does, and shouts from the housetops, and we thrill to what they bring

us because we instinctively feel the currents flowing through their lives.

John the Baptist let the divine currents flow through him, and through him all the messages of the messianic prophecy, all the power and light and love of the Old Testament. Through him Moses and David flowed on in one unbroken current. From Moses to Isaiah and the prophets, to David, to John, the spiritual currents flowed, and everybody who came into contact with these lives felt a renewal of their spirits, a quickening, an invigoration of spiritual life.

Then came Jesus and his disciples. Jesus was the medium through which these divine currents flowed in fullest and most unimpeded measure. Then in turn the currents of spiritual power flowed through his disciples—all but one of them, and his sins choked and clogged the medium, and the currents were shut off, and he had no power and he had no love and he had no light. He went out into the night. The others gradually learned the secret of that power and life and opened their own souls to Jesus and let those same currents flow through them. And even to-day, at this far distant time, the spiritual currents are flowing through anybody and everybody.

V

CHANNELS OF THE DIVINE CURRENTS

"Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."—Romans 12. 2.

We have just been talking about the currents of God. We shall continue to talk about them in this chapter, and we shall see some of the channels of these divine currents and their cleansing power.

And, as we feel these contacts, and open our hearts to become channels of these currents, we shall catch a new revelation of God on earth; we shall feel a new inrush of his power, see a new world transformed by the light of his love, his mental and spiritual light and love. We shall know in our souls that God is at the organ of life.

Currents of God must flow through life before there is music in life's organ, just as it is true that no music will come from an ordinary organ until the organist touches the electrical button, and that button in turn begins to draw on the currents of air to pour through the pipes. So, in a very real sense, all organs of the uni-

verse are soundless and speechless until God's currents flow through them. Nor does the organ of a human life speak with beauty until the currents of God flow through that life.

The currents of life are life-bearing and life-giving. They flow through the centuries and through all life. They flow through the eternities and through the human soul. They give power, life, light, and hope to humanity. They are like the great blood stream; they purify and cleanse.

A stream through a land is a life-giving and a purifying thing. The currents of the stream are the swiftly moving parts of that stream which sweep away the sluggishness, dig the depths for the stream, and make a channel for the ships that sail the stream carrying the commerce of the world. I remember the beautiful Ohio, and its swift currents, that dug out the channel where the river pilots guided the river boats. The current gave depth to the stream.

The River Jordan cuts a current through Lake Galilee, right through its center, and where this river current flows, the lake is deep and pure with melting snows from Mount Hermon. Lake Tahoe has its mountain-fed currents which flow into that beautiful lake of the skies and keep it pure and beautiful and clean.

The currents of life-giving and life-renewing sap that flow like great resurgent streams each spring through the trees, from the roots to the very tips, are beautiful to think upon. They are great adventures; they are great streams carrying life, light, color, strength, bud, flower, and fruit to the tree.

The blood stream is another great, powerful current that flows with regular and ceaseless impetus through the body, in its set place, surging and beating, in great tidal waves, carrying its cargoes of refuse matter to the wharves of the lungs to be burned and purified; and then carrying back through the arteries its cargo of oxygen and white corpuscles to purify, strengthen, and renew life.

The ocean currents are beautiful to see and powerful in their effect on humanity. The Gulf Stream, which is a great ocean current, modifies the climate of two continents, as does the Japan stream, or current.

The Currents of Life and What They Bring

The currents of life bring *Life* itself. One of the most fascinating stories and adventures of humanity is the constancy of the life stream. This has never changed. From the time the

first thrill of human life awakened out of the mire and the clay the stream of power, which is life, has kept alive. You and I are a part of that great current of life. We are here because of its ceaseless life-giving power. We are a part of all that has preceded us in this great cycle of life. We are heirs of all the ages.

The currents of life bring *power*. Some of us have stood in the great power plants. We have gone down the elevators, through the clanging noisy whirl of dynamos. We have heard the roar of the ceaseless waters, hurled down into deep, steel-armored abysses. We have felt the power of eternity about us, the age-old sense of rocks and hills and tumbling waterfalls transformed into *power*. We think of the word "power" and we immediately think of electricity. This electrical *power* is a stream, a great current that flows like an eternal energy through life.

It starts as rays of light and energy from the sun. As this light smashes into our atmosphere it becomes transformed into electrical energy or power. Or it may come as water falling from the skies. It tumbles into our streams as water or snow. It hurls itself down our mountainsides and into our lakes. Then it whirls through the streams of our lakes and finally it

tumultuously tumbles over some Niagara's brink. But it is always susceptible to being transformed into power, is this great current. Finally wise engineers transfer it. They cut it off from its regular stream, far above the falls. They carry it down past the falls, and they get the benefit of that great drop when they transform this water into electrical power. Then it still continues as a current. Only now it is a current of electrical power instead of sun-power, or rain-power, or light-power. It was first a current of light or water or rain, and then it became a current of water, and then it became a current of electricity. But these currents were always power. The currents of life bring us power.

The currents of life bring us *light*. This is a simple interpretation. The currents of electricity not only bring us power, but, shot into a vacuum over slender wires, they transform our night into day and our darkness into light. That is the great modern miracle—that we can turn our night into day and our darkness into light. The currents of life bring light into our darkened lives and souls, thank God! All we need to do is to press a button and we flood the darkness with light because the currents of life are flowing.

The currents of life bring us *communications.* This is one of the most fascinating adventures of life. Over these everflowing currents of electrical power we get communications from the wide world. We get them under the waters of the moaning seas; we get them through the currents of ether that flow in the weeping skies and the starlit wastes that are above the oceans. We get these communications like sailing ships and barges on the currents of the air and ether by way of the radio. Over the cable, wireless, telephone and telegraph wires these currents bear the thoughts of the world to us, the communications of all the earth.

The currents bring *purity.* There is nothing like a constantly moving stream or current to bring purity to a lake or life. Wherever a current flows is purity. It sweeps away the impurities and brings cleansing powers. Not only is this true of currents of water, but it is also true of streams of air. For instance, science tells us that the northwest winds bring physical energy and mental buoyancy to human beings because it is a downward component of motion that draws air from above, where it is free from impurities, and where high electrification has changed a considerable

quantity of its oxygen into ozone. More people die under the influence of the south winds than the north winds because the south winds hug the earth and carry impurities and are lacking in electrical stimulation. So we see that the northwest wind has currents of electrical power as well as ozone flowing through it to bring vigor and purity to humanity.

The Mental Currents That Flow Through Life

Among the most fascinating currents of custom that flow through life are those of childhood things that we find repeated by word of mouth from generation to generation—those school-day signs and signals, rimes and rhythms which are handed down from generation to generation. Some day our child comes home with a little saying, and we are swept back to childhood days and suddenly realize that there is a current still flowing through life.

"April Fool!" Answer: "April Fool's past, and you're the biggest fool at last!" some of us will remember. That mental current is still flowing through life. I felt the tide of it a while ago through my daughter. That current kept on flowing long after I left the sixth grade, it seems, and it is still flowing.

Every spring, just as the March winds begin to blow boisterously and adventurously in the turbulent skies, some instinct urges the boy world to kite-flying. On every field and hill in country and village and city the kites come out. They come out as instinctively as the buds burst and the grass grows. The mental currents of custom are flowing through a boy's veins. He does not know why he does it so regularly. It is like the sap in the tree. The boy turns to kites and the tree turns to leaves. The currents of custom are flowing.

Then there is a season for marbles, with boys playing the game in all possible places. Little girls feel the current of custom, and they start to jumping ropes. Little calves feel the same currents of life, and they start to jumping invisible ropes in the fields. Little colts feel the same currents of life, and they start to jumping fences. But it is all the same. The currents are still flowing.

The tales and legends of childhood flow on like mighty ceaseless currents that never die. There is thrill and adventure in that thought, adventure to wake the dead to life.

Then there is the current of individuality. That is a ceaselessly flowing current of life. I know of nothing that quite so thrills a father

as to have some nearsighted individual tell him that his beautiful daughter or his handsome boy looks like him. A father is likely to swell up with pride when such is told. Be wary of such compliments. "My, how like her daddy she does look!" has brought a thrill to many a homely father. "My, how like her mother she does look—the same beautiful mouth, the same black and flashing eyes." Shout! That is glory enough for one lifetime —to know that the currents of individuality are flowing on in the great stream of humanity.

I saw a child last week with its mother. It had curly brown hair, beautiful brown eyes, and a sweet smile; it was the wonder of all who saw it. I heard a dozen people say, "It is the most beautiful child I ever saw." And then they added: "She looked like her mother." That mother's heart must have thrilled to that, for she knew that the currents were still flowing.

The story in inheritance is a current ever flowing through individuality. They tell me that I look like my old pioneer grandfather. The currents are flowing. I feel them pouring through me. That great soul flows through me. Thank God for that! Pioneer blood flows through my veins! Pioneer mind flows through

my mind! Thank God for that! The currents of personality are flowing! Personality and individuality are great powerful currents that flow through humanity to God! We don't all know where we're going but we're on the way, and we want to be on the way to God!

History is a continuous and a continual current of mental life that flows through life for us. It started so far back that even the greatest genius does not dare anything but a guess as to when it began.

We are in a period of an attempt to trace the great currents of life at this time. The *Outline of History,* by H. G. Wells, is an attempt to trace the currents of history. The "Outline of Science" is a glorious attempt to trace the current of science. The "Outline of Art" is a fascinating attempt to trace the currents of art. The "Outline of Thought" is an attempt to trace the currents of the mental world from their beginnings. The "Outline of Christianity" traces the rise and progress of the Christian religion. These are all glorious and glowing adventures.

Currents of Spiritual Power That Flow Through Humanity

A woman once stated to a friend that when

she was particularly inclined to certain romantic moods she turned for her inspiration to the poet Thomas Moore.

"But," asked the listener, "isn't Thomas Moore dead?"

"Oh, yes; Thomas Moore died in 1852," was the reply. "But his literature still lives, and I have learned to impersonate in fancy every beautiful, romantic character he has ever described."

"Isn't Lincoln dead?" you ask me.

"No, Lincoln still lives; his soul currents still flow through life and through me. They shall never die."

"Isn't Roosevelt dead?" you cry, in bewilderment.

"No, Roosevelt still lives! His spiritual currents still flow through humanity and through me."

"Didn't Tennyson die long ago?" you question.

"Yes, but Tennyson still lives, like his brook, and he shall flow on forever. Tennyson still lives like the echoes of his 'Horns of Elfland faintly blowing.' Yes, Tennyson still lives, and his spiritual currents that he set going shall flow on forever, like the radio waves that never die."

"Didn't Jesus Christ die on Calvary's cross?" you ask me.

"Yes, but he rose again, and he set flowing through the seas and the streams of life spiritual currents that shall never die."

These currents flow on to give power to those whom they touch; to give light wherever they flow, like currents of electricity transformed into light; the currents of Christ flow on to give communication to the living forever, communication of his ideas, his truth, and his life. They flow on to give purity to life and to every individual they touch. And the most comforting thought of all is that these currents do not die in death. Thank God that light does not die just because we press a button and turn it off at night when we go to bed. That current of light still goes on forever. It never dies. When we shut off the radio and take the ear pieces from our ears the waves that have been set in vibration do not cease. They continue forever and never die. When air leaves our lungs it does not cease to be air. It is always air. When electricity ceases to flow through a machine it does not die. It flows on into other energy. It is never lost. When the water flows through the great power plants at Niagara it still goes on with infinite power

stored up in its energy. Though the power plants take from it great forces, they do not diminish its force and power. It still flows on, pregnant with power as before; ready and waiting to be delivered again and again. It is the "mother of all living." These currents of power flow on forever.

Thought does not die. It leaves the mind to go on forever in its work.

The spirit does not die when it is severed from the human body, for this current also flows on forever. It is immortal through God's love. That is the great proof of immortality. "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind," and hearts, and love through Jesus Christ. Calvary's cross is like a great Niagara of spiritual power, light, and cleansing. The great stream of love flows from the heights of Calvary. We are down at the bottom of Calvary with our intake. We can catch the stream of that power and purity and cleansing which flows from Calvary and transforms our lives just as Niagara's beautiful waters of purity and power are taken and transformed. It is a beautiful symbolism and a true one, thank God for that! The stream that flows from Calvary never ceases. It is always there. Its power never dies. This stream turns human lives

which are desolate and lost into beauty and love. The streams of love that flow from Calvary, the currents of love, have transforming power forever!

These currents of love transform human life. A preacher friend tells me this story: "There is a spot in southern Idaho, a few miles below the Great Shoshone Falls, which until recently was called 'The Devil's Corral.' For thousands of years this 'Devil's Corral' had lain a silent, desolate desert, surrounded by great lava walls towering perpendicularly almost a thousand feet in sheer height. These lava walls, burnt, bent, rent, torn and twisted into shapelessness, shut in an apparently irrecoverable desolation. Even the Indian passed around it when fishing along Snake River; and the more daring white man looked at it, gave it an ugly name, and made money out of other white men by bringing them to see it. One day a young man of ideas went down into that strange place, and saw that it might be reclaimed. He saw how the rock wall might be turned to good account, and he said: 'The north wind can never find its way down here. This place ought to be transformed into a garden or a fruit farm.' He discovered in the highest part two small cold-water lakes which

were connected. From these the entire basin might be irrigated. He also discovered several hundred acres of very choice soil.

"Against the undertaking was the tremendous work necessary to clear and level and irrigate the land. He homesteaded a part of the land, made a desert entry on the balance, and began. He blazed out a trail along the rocky descent, down which pack-mules could travel. Wagons, harrows, plows, and all sorts of things that pack-animals could not carry, were lowered with ropes over a perpendicular lava wall of six hundred feet. After a while he engineered a road, which he blasted out with dynamite from the rock walls. Now, a four-horse team can be taken down into what was once the 'Devil's Corral,' and it has been transformed into four hundred acres of paradise, blooming into life with five thousand fruit trees. The luscious fruit is a continual joy and fortune to its owner, and a source of pleasure to visiting thousands."

That is an illustration of the transformation which Jesus Christ can bring to a human heart and life. He can take a poor, sin-possessed heart that has been only a devil's corral, yielding nothing that is good, and transform it into a blossoming paradise, where all the sweet

graces of the Spirit yield their fragrance and their fruit.

In a hotel parlor in New Orleans recently a number of ladies and gentlemen were engaged in conversation. Suddenly a very repulsive man came into the parlor. He had a disagreeable and forbidding face and manner. His countenance bore the marks of dissipation and degradation, and his eyes were bleared. He was ugly both in person and movement, and when he took a chair the conversation ceased, and there was an unpleasant constraint as if an evil spirit were present. The ugly man remained seated, with his head bowed down, frowning at space. Little by little the conversation began to revive, but attention never completely left the ugly man.

Suddenly he arose from his chair. Every eye was glancing furtively at him as he walked nonchalantly to the piano and opened it. There was a deathlike silence. "Who asked for music?" was the involuntary thought, but no one had the courage to speak to the intruder. He ran his fingers carelessly over the keys and his ugliness disappeared. From a demon he was become an angel. He seemed to be playing to please his own fancy, wandering without effort from one theme into another. The listeners

were charmed; tears came to the eyes of the ladies.

The music was telling of life; its joys and sorrows; of deep woods with the sun in the lacework on the ground, and birds singing in the trees; of moonlight in the far-away, dreamy places; of recollections of departed friends, and the sadness of disappointment. How could such a delicate spirit be lodged in that coarse body? The ugly man charming his listeners, so that they were enraptured with him, was like Caliban, the vicious, destructive demon, dreaming of music on his island. The playing ceased abruptly; the player turned on his stool and gave a harsh guttural laugh. He was the ugly man again.

Did you ever hear the chime of bells ringing out some old hymn-tune from the tower of a great cathedral and wonder how it was played? If you would see the musician, you must go into a little chime room on the ground floor, hidden away from public view, and there, at a keyboard looking very much like that of an old-fashioned melodeon, you will see possibly a young girl, playing away as quietly as though she were playing the tune for the hymn at evening prayers.

But the electric current connected with her

keys touches the great bells in the cathedral tower and sets them in motion and harmonious ringing. No force is exerted more than the organist uses in playing, but the bells peal out a cheerful invitation to the passers-by. The busy throng half pause, look up and remember that a service is about to begin; a few turn their steps toward the church and silently pass in and find others here and there through the great auditorium, called out from the rush of the street—souls that long for quiet and for worship, called together by the music of the great bells overhead that was all awakened by the touch of a girl's fingers on the keyboard in the chime room.

VI

TUNING IN TO THE ETERNAL

God is at the organ of his universe now and we hear his music on the lanes of the air.

In "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," Vivian, the beautiful girl who is about to sell her soul to a rich old man, looks into the eyes of The Stranger, drops her cloak from her shoulders "like a garment that is stained," and, in hushed tones, speaks:

"Who are you? Why do you follow me? I see you in the streets; you look at me out of the crowds. Why have you come here? What is it that you want with me? Who are you? I know your voice. I hear it in the wind. I hear it in the silence of the night."

So now we hear God's voice on the winds. We hear him in the silence of the night. His voice is "on the air." Always the possibility of wireless was there. Always it was waiting for us. Always God was playing that particular stop of his universal organ of truth, but we could not hear. Our ears were stopped with ignorance. Then one day a listening soul heard God playing. Now we all hear. Now

we are all "listening in" on God's voice. We know that he is there, playing his universe.

I take two texts for this broadcasting sermon. One is a question that I will ask you who are tuned in to this vesper service. It is found in Job 15. 8: "Hast thou heard the secret of God?" The answer comes from the last words of Jesus, and is suggestive of the wide scope of the greatest spiritual broadcasting station on earth: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel!"

It is an old scientific saying that a ripple in the water which is caused by casting a stone into a lake never ceases. It goes on forever. Earthquake vibrations which start in one part of the earth speed around the world and never cease. The radio vibrations which shoot out from this station never cease. They go to Mars—and back—in less time than it takes me to speak this afternoon.

We pucker our lips and blow out a candle, and the flame disappears, but the flame is not blown out. We have simply stopped that chemical process called combustion. The light from that little candle goes on out into space, and it will endure for years beyond estimation. In some such fashion at death the soul goes on. The chemical processes of the body stop, but,

like the candlelight, like the light of a star, the soul passes on.

Dr. Henry Norris Russell, a Princeton astronomer, says: "Just as the heated matter in the light of a star sets something going which we call light, which goes on, away from its source, into the ether, so that marvelously complex system, the human body, may originate something—the soul—which belongs to another realm (which, to give it a name, we may call spiritual), and persist there, after the body has disintegrated. In this realm the souls of men still exist. The fact that we cannot see them or communicate with them is no better proof that they do not exist than the fact that we do not see the light of a candle, once it has left us. Immortality implies a consciousness of the present and a memory of the past."[1] Therefore we may well believe that the souls of those who have just left us must look back with deep regard for us, and that in their new realm we may meet them again.

One of my preacher friends, Doctor Banks, tells of the Naval Observatory at Georgetown Heights, where there is a great "master clock." By means of very delicate machinery the time is repeated from this clock over great

[1] Reprinted by permission of author.

circuits all over the United States. New York city repeats the time to all cities east and north; Chicago and Cincinnati repeat to all points west and southwest, etc.

If you happen to be in a large telegraph office at the moment the signal is being sent out, you will see the operators at their keys take out their watches a few seconds before the time is due, open those watches and wait, so that their own watches may fall into the exact time beat of the master clock in Washington.

Time balls have been invented to give people the exact time regularly. That was the old way. It was a large round ball on the top of some high building, large enough to be seen from the street. It was attached by wire to the master clock in Washington in such a manner that the instant the master clock in Washington ticked the stroke of twelve the delicately poised ball dropped, released by the same beat of the clock that announced the time to the nation through the telegraph wires. The tick of the master clock in Washington used to drop these time balls thousands of miles away, as far off as San Francisco and Havana. If the wires were in good condition, the balls in San Francisco, Washington, and New York dropped at the same instant.

The master clock got its time in turn from some fixed star, and then it broadcast that time instantly to all the nation. The great fixed star is really the original broadcasting station, and the master clock is a relay station, just as we have relay programs and events in radio.

The Western Union clocks that you see in front of jewelry stores and in railroad stations everywhere have electrical connection with the original master clock.

The Miracle of Radio Broadcasting

None of us have ever gotten over the miracle of radio. It is too near for us to have gotten over the thrill of it. There are two viewpoints of radio in human life, and two viewpoints in this sermon. One is that of the broadcaster, and the other is that of the listener. The same thing is true of the spiritual implications of human life and religion. They are both expressed in my twin texts: "Hast thou heard the secret of God?" Answer: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel."

This radio broadcasting represents an attempt in a modern way to do the thing that Jesus admonished his followers to do. There is no better way to go into all the world with his truth than over the radio.

The listener's part is to answer the question: "Hast thou heard the secret of God?" In human life those who listen can tune in to just exactly what they want. They can take their choice most any hour of the day or night. They can take their choice of jazz music, with all of its implications of the jungle and its life, its feelings, its thinking, or the listener can take his choice of opera or symphony. With all the stations that are going in this great nation, and the differences in time from one end of this broad continent to the other, a listener can take a choice of jazz, symphony, or opera. Out of New York city alone on Christmas Sunday more than a thousand carols, anthems, Christmas hymns, services and sermons were sent over the air.

The miracle of broadcasting consists in the startling fact that we can send our voices and our message instantly to the ends of this great nation, from California to Cape Cod. That miracle never ceases to stir our hearts. The other miracle is that every humble home may receive these thousands of messages that go out from every city; and that it is not a costly, prohibitive thing; that tiny sets may receive all messages; that the homes of the poor as well as the homes of the rich may sit in one great

democratic audience and "listen in" on what they wish. That is the great miracle of this day.

Up in a balloon, down in a submarine, in a police flyer, on a speeding Twentieth Century Limited; in London or Paris; at the north pole, in a tube under the Hudson River; in the heart of Africa's densest jungle we may hear, and receive the richest thoughts of the earth.

Educational Broadcasting Stations

There are great educational broadcasting stations on the earth. The schoolhouse is one of them. For untold generations the schoolhouse has been broadcasting intelligence and learning to the children of America.

Who can estimate the power of this broadcasting station with all of its workers and operators? When we stop to think of these great educational broadcasting stations of the earth—the educational institutions of America, the little red and white schools at the country crossroads, the great high schools and junior colleges of our cities, the colleges and universities of the land, so superior to those of most other lands—we can literally feel the air surcharged with the broadcasting ether waves of these institutions.

The newspapers are great broadcasting stations these days. The great presses whirl and purr. They are symbols of the great papers all over the earth that exist as broadcasting stations, disseminating knowledge—and some truth now and then—molding public opinion, setting ideals, through editorial and news columns, wise or unwise, selfish or unselfish, true or false. Nevertheless, newspapers are, for good or bad, great broadcasting stations.

The great newspaper service syndicates—one of which covers the earth, carries the news of the day to the world's hearth—are great broadcasting stations also.

These are the secular broadcasting stations of our day. There are also some spiritual radios doing the thing that Jesus admonished his followers to do: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel!"

Spiritual Broadcasting Stations

The Bible is the first of them. For centuries it has been broadcasting the spiritual truths of human life. It has done even better than the radio, for it has had longer to work. It has reached savages in the world-hidden corners, who never heard of a radio and will not hear of one, for a long time.

The Church, which started in that little upper room, where the church was really born, in that room where a few men of kindred minds met and talked of comradeship, fellowship, and God and then as their hearts warmed to each other and to God by a perfectly natural process, as in many another upper room when a great institution has been born, there was the sound of a rushing mighty wind, and flames of fire, and hearts that burned, the church of God was born, and it has been a great broadcasting station for spiritual truth ever since that date.

The cross of Christ is the other spiritual broadcasting station of all time. It stands today radiating light and love to all the earth. It has been sending its flaming truth out to all the earth—its symbolism, its healing streams, its glorious light, its example of willing sacrifice, for these twenty centuries.

These three—the Bible, the church, and the cross—are the greatest spiritual broadcasting stations of time and eternity.

These three institutions are the answer to Christ's last command: "Go ye into all the world," and broadcast my gospel to all humanity!

Are we tuning in to these great stations?

As I have suggested in the introduction to this sermon, we can tune in to anything we please; and that is exactly what we will do; each according to his own desires, each according to his own culture, each according to his own capacity, each according to his own horizon, each according to his own soul's challenge.

That is the glory and the tragedy of free will. We can take the little receiving sets of our own lives and we can tune in where we please. God gave us that privilege. We are free moral agents. Our salvation is in our own hands. We live or die eternally by what we tune in to. God does not stop us.

The radio gives you a choice. You are given free moral agency. You can tune in to London, to Paris, to New York, to Galveston, to San Francisco now. Why not tune in to the eternal also?

Are you tuned in to hear the world's cries?

Did you hear that story of Buddha, who used to say: "Make yourself an island"? Did you hear the opposite of that from a Man named Christ, who says: "Join your island to the mainland of humanity! Make yourself a servant of all"?

Are you tuned in to the cries of the poor? Or, have you made yourself an island?

Have you ever heard that quatrain:

Are you tuned in to the rest of the world—what is going on, the world brotherhood dream, the Macedonian cry, "Come over into Macedonia and help us"?

Henry Clay while crossing the Alleghanies put to the ground his ear and said, "I can hear the tramp of the coming millions!"

Are you listening in on God, as well as mammon? Are you "in tune with the Infinite"? Can you hear what is going on spiritually in the earth? Did it ever occur to you that you can hear eternity as well as Europe, that God is easier to get than Gotham; that spiritual voices are as easy to tune in on as Schenectady; that the Star of Bethlehem is as easy to listen in on as the radio station of The Kansas City Star.

I saw a picture this summer in Saint Paul's Cathedral: Christ stands just outside of a door, with a lantern in his hand, knocking at the door with his other hand. There is a halo of light about his head. The picture is given two names in the popular mind: "The Light of the World," and "Behold, I Stand at the Door and Knock."

So Christ stands at every door and knocks. He is knocking at the door of every human

heart with his message, his love, his life. He is "on the air" all the time, night and day.

A friend of mine went to preach at a four-o'clock service on Sunday afternoon. He did not know that they were going to broadcast his speech, or he would have told his family. They always listened in on Sunday afternoons.

And, as was their habit, they did get the set in tune that afternoon. One of the boys was feeling about here and there through the air. Suddenly his hand stopped dead still—his face took on a strangely startled look—his eyes brightened and he said softly to the rest of the family: "Why, it's father's voice! It's father!"

He's out there all the time, is father, the Great Eternal Father; out there "on the air," everywhere, waiting, calling. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Do you hear him? Are you tuned in to the eternal?

"Hast thou heard the secret of God?"

VII

SPIRITUAL PRINCIPLES IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF PLANT CREATIONS

"It is the spirit that quickeneth!"—John 6. 63.

LUTHER BURBANK[1] was more keenly aware of the music that God is making through the organ of his universe than most of us because Burbank spent a lifetime listening for that music and to that music. He caught many a subtle, beautiful note of color, perfume, beauty, and sound which those of us who do not listen fail to note.

Burbank was a strange genius of God. He worked in the plant world with spiritual principles. Every principle which he used in the development of plant life he found applicable to human beings. He was interested in two great fields—plant life and child life. He was interested in the plant and in the human being, and he discovered that the same principles are involved in the awakening of new talents, new birth, new development in plants. No preacher or teacher or parent can read the books of Lu-

[1] Died April 11, 1926.

ther Burbank, or could have visited him at his work, or can follow his experiments, and not be forcibly struck by the fact that the same principles that carry on the development of plant life pertain also to the development of the spiritual life in the human plant.

In the dawning of the year of 1926 Mr. Burbank gave out a statement of what he had discovered for the world in 1925. It was a startling and a fascinating statement of achievement, although it came about in Mr. Burbank's seventy-sixth year. That year he developed a new and beautiful blue flower which he named the camassia. It excels all others in its beauty and in its ability to multiply.

His second development of this memorable year was the teosinte, a marvelous plant which grew out of his rainbow corn. This new corn-like food grows to a stalk-height of eight feet and bears from eight to fourteen ears to the stalk. One might pause here, in a preliminary or introductory spiritual teaching which grows naturally out of all Mr. Burbank's work, to call attention to the fact that he believed that beauty and bread go hand in hand in life.

Bread, Beauty, and Brotherhood

Edwin Markham says that life needs "bread,

beauty, and brotherhood" to make it complete. Mr. Burbank seemed to have had an instinctive sensing of that great universal truth, for he always worked hand in hand with beauty and bread—the æsthetic and the practical. You will find him, as is illustrated by these two cases—the two in close juxtaposition—developing a beautiful flower, which has no other usefulness than that of beauty, and a new species of productive corn, which has no other mission than to feed the body.

His entire history is one of this parallel development. His first great development was that of the Burbank potato. One of his other great developments was that of the Shasta Daisy. Hand in hand go these twins of bread and beauty. In fact, all of his later work was continually illustrating the truth that his spirit was back of all he did, back of his development of bread, beauty, and brotherhood. He recognized these three great human needs, as does that other poet, his friend of long years, Edwin Markham.

The third development of the year of 1925 by Mr. Burbank was that of a giant cactus-flowering zinnia. The development of this cactus plant under his magical hands and heart constitutes one of the most thrilling stories of

plant culture, with its spiritual implications always hovering in the background, ready to leap forth to serve the man of God who has imagination enough to hear with his ears and to see with his eyes and to scent with his soul these spiritual teachings.

The first thing that Burbank did for the outcast cactus was to develop the poison out of it, take its spines away from it, and make it a respectable plant, worthy to walk in civilized communities.

There Were No Outcasts With Luther Burbank

There were no outcasts in plant life with Mr. Burbank. As I have just said, one of the seven great developments that he made was that of breeding from the outcast cactus plant a beautiful flower. Even the wild animals avoided the cactus of the desert. They were afraid of it because of its poison, because of its bitter taste, and because of its needles. It was an Arizona desert outcast.

Mr. Burbank sought out this poor miserable outcast and decided to redeem it from its bad habits, its bad reputation, its bad taste, its bad looks, and its bad odor. This last development, where he dipped deep down into its un-

savory life and found a beautiful flower, is the culmination of what he did with this outcast plant. He not only made it edible for animals, and developed fruit for human beings, but he discovered that all the time it had deep buried in its lowly outcast life a flower of beauty and sweet incense.

There were no outcasts in the plant world with Luther Burbank, and there are no outcasts in the spiritual world with God.

Mr. Burbank also took the wild beach plum, which is so small and hard and ugly that nobody ever looks at it twice; crossed it with a Japanese plum, and developed out of this crossing a plum that is five hundred times as large as the original wild beach plum, as impossible an increase as this seems.

In *New Creations in Plant Life* the story is told of this wild beach plum. It was hard and sour, dull-colored and bitter. But it would grow any place—on sand dunes, on a beach covered with salt water, in a desert, in drought. Also it was remarkably prolific. The fruit was not as large as a cherry, the pit being abnormally large and surrounded by a thin layer of bitter fruit. Mr. Harwood makes this significant statement about this outcast plum: "It was this insignificant fruit that Mr. Burbank

took under his care one day, seeing its possibilities, and eager to ennoble it."[1]

"Eager to ennoble it." That is the spiritual principle involved in this deed. "Eager to ennoble it." That is the task of the father and mother with the ugly ducklings of the family. "Eager to ennoble it"—that is the task of the Christian, the teacher and the preacher, when they come in contact with the outcasts of human life, the timid, the shy, the untalented, the weak and seemingly worthless derelicts of life.

To Jesus there were no outcasts. What seemed so to others did not seem so to him. In every sinner he saw infinite possibilities of purity and stainlessness. He took these sinners and developed the good that was in them, the good which he alone seemed to be able to see; found it, touched it with life, encouraged it with love, and made it heroic. He was "eager to ennoble it."

"By the utmost care in selecting and breeding through a series of years, the homely little outcast has been made into a beautiful deep-purple plum, dotted with white, averaging at least three inches in circumference, without a

[1] From *New Creations in Plant Life*, by W. S. Harwood. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers, New York.

trace of the old bitter taste in all its rich yellow meat."[1] What an achievement, to take an outcast beach plum, despised by animals and men, and see in it those qualities of hardiness and beauty yet undeveloped, and bring them out!

So the Christian does! So God does! So Christ did! On Calvary's cross Christ saw in a thief a citizen of eternity and paradise. That is the genius of our religion—that there are no outcasts with Christ!

To go back to the famous Burbank potato. It came from the wild Arizona desert potato, which looked more like a dried-up raisin than a potato. Dozens of these wild potatoes may be held in a child's open hand. And yet Mr. Burbank saw something in even this wild potato that would help him to perfect the famous Burbank potato and add a strain of hardihood to that great famine-crushing product.

Mr. Burbank made potatoes to grow on tomato vines, and he has done many other marvelous things with this common household necessity, but the most marvelous thing of all is that he took the Arizona wild potato, which was as small as a raisin, and looked like a

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raisin—an outcast despised of man and beast —and he found its good qualities and developed its best possibilities.

The development of the Shasta Daisy is another illustration of taking an outcast and finding its hidden beauties.

Everybody who has ever lived on a farm knows how the daisy is despised by farmers, and how the farmer tries to weed it out and destroy it. He considers it a weed with no beauty or favor. It is a weed and nothing but a weed to him. He has never been able to see its beauty, its hidden beauty. It has always been an outcast flower over most of the world.

Mr. Burbank once said to me, as he was telling me the story of the development of this outcast daisy into the beautiful Shasta Daisy, that he first took an interest in the daisy because "every man's hand seemed to be against it, and it was hated and despised. I saw possibilities of beauty in it. I was always eager to develop those possibilities."

He took a Japanese daisy of beautiful color, an English daisy, a common American field daisy, and crossed all three of them, and produced the Shasta Daisy. The bloom of a single Shasta has been as much as two feet in circumference, seven inches from tip to tip of the pet-

als. The average Shasta Daisy is pure white, beautifully formed, and from four to six inches in diameter. It will grow anywhere out of doors where the cold will not kill an oak tree, and when cut will last from three to six weeks. Mr. Burbank said that his Shasta Daisy has lost all the bad habits of the common field daisy, particularly that of too prolific breeding, which made the farmer hate it so. It now keeps itself apart from the weeds of its ancestry with a certain superiority of aristocracy which befits its tall, slender beauty, its immaculate white petals, and its golden heart. It was named for Mount Shasta, because it has a crown and a peak of pure white, snow-like beauty. Out of an unsightly, despised weed he developed a beautiful queenly white flower of tall grace, slender beauty, and immaculate whiteness.

There is a spiritual challenge about this story to all of us—that we find in the ugly, the unsightly, the unbeautiful a hidden grace, tenderness, and beauty which are hidden away in every soul. There are weeds among human beings—in children, in college students, in races and colors that differ from ours; weeds in which there is the possibility of untold beauty and spiritual power. Let us search for such

hidden beauties, such spiritual powers in the outcasts of life, "eager to ennoble them."

Let us catch the spiritual challenge, the trumpet blast of Christ's belief in humanity that "there are no outcasts with God!"

By giving it a new foundation on which to grow and the regenerative power of new blood Burbank remade life. The Christian principle of one's life being grafted in Christ's life, which Paul speaks of so often, is apparent here in Burbank's methods with trees and plants. He says, "By giving a plant or a tree the regenerating influence and power of new blood we redeem it."[1] That is the principle of plant culture. By the grafting process which is now familiar to all of us we redeem a tree or a plant. It is the glorious truth of giving that plant a new foundation on which to build.

The spiritual principle involved in this method of plant culture is expressed in Romans 11. 16-18: "For if the firstfruit be holy, the lump is also holy; and if the root be holy, so are the branches. And if some of the branches be broken off, and thou, being a wild olive tree, wert graffed in among them, and with them

[1] From *New Creations in Plant Life*, by W. S. Harwood. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers, New York.

partakest of the root and fatness of the olive tree; boast not against the branches. But if thou boast, thou bearest not the root, but the root thee."

The old biblical definition of a "graff" is, "A slip of a cultivated tree inserted into a wild one, so named because it resembled a pencil in shape." There is one beautiful old prayer which has this phrase in it: "Graff in our hearts the love of thy name." Another prayer is, "That the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears, may through thy grace be graffed inwardly in our hearts."

We know what the regenerative power of new blood will do for the human stock; we know what it will do for the plant life, for we have seen Luther Burbank at work; and so do we know what the regenerative power of Jesus, on whose root we have grafted our lives, will do for us spiritually.

Resurrection out of death is a spiritual principle of salvation. Luther Burbank said, "I have been compelled to put the old selves of some plants to death, that out of the death there might come forth a new resurrection."[1]

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[1] From *New Creations in Plant Life*, by W. S. Harwood. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers, New York.

The whole spiritual philosophy of the New Testament is summed up in this principle on which Luther Burbank worked in the development of plants to bring out the best that is in them. He has done this with many plants. Out of the death of many plants he has brought forth more beautiful, more gorgeous, and more useful plant lives. In this principle we see Calvary, and the echo of Tennyson's lines:

> "That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

We too must be willing to die in Him, that we may still live more gloriously.

In this principle we see the dying Christ on Calvary rising from the tomb on Easter dawning as the triumphant, the perfected, the transcendent, the ascending Christ.

"And I, if I be lifted up"—if I die—"will draw all men unto me."

Every plant has a soul of beauty if we look for it with love and care. One of the most beautiful principles illustrated in this plant preacher's life and work was the fact that he found a soul of beauty and perfume in so many flowers and plants in which most people thought that there was neither soul nor beauty nor perfume.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of this

search for the soul of a plant or a flower is in that story of the golden poppy which was turned into a crimson poppy.

One day Mr. Burbank was looking through a field and saw a golden poppy with a thin streak of red in one of its petals. He carefully lifted this plant, carried it home, and from it selected seeds. The second year of its growth there was a petal with a larger streak of red in it. The third year that streak had covered an entire petal, and so on until he had developed from that tiny thin streak of crimson poppy a red poppy.

"Out of what you have in life, make music, friend." We may have little to work on spiritually in some child, in some soul, in some family, in some church, in some race, but, under God, if there is even a faint streak of crimson beauty, work, *work,* WORK, to develop that soul.

One of the greatest curses that may rest upon a beautiful flower is that it has an offensive odor instead of a perfume. Luther Burbank even overcame that. He found it within the inner sanctuaries of the flowers themselves. It was no external influence, but deep within the flower's own soul he discovered the perfumes of sweetness which redeemed that flower.

The story of the dahlia is typical of human life. For a quarter of a century Burbank had been studying to give this flower a perfume and to find its soul for it. One evening he noticed one dahlia which bore none of the disagreeable odor of the usual dahlia, but instead there was about it a faint, sweet, illusive perfume. That particular flower was immediately isolated and developed, and was finally given the delightful odor which poets love to write about in such phrases as "the sweet magnolia bloom."

Mr. Harwood says of such an event in plant life: "The color of the flowers, the shape of the leaves and petals, and stems—these are before the eyes, and changes in them may be watched and recorded from generation to generation; but the perfume—no instrument of man can measure or record it. *It is the very soul of the flower!*"[1]

And on this search for the soul Luther Burbank went out with high hope and faith in God and his laws; and he never failed to find that even the flowers with unpleasant odors really have buried down deep in the process of the ages "one increasing purpose"; and he never

[1] From *New Creations in Plant Life*, by W. S. Harwood. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers, New York.

gave up until he found the soul, which is the odor of a flower. The soul is there. Burbank knew it was there. You could not fool him. No plant could fool him. Its soul of perfume may have been lost for untold centuries. It may have been bred out of that beautiful flower. It may have suffered a spiritual relapse. But, like a human soul, it can be reborn. It can backslide for centuries, but Burbank knew that it was redeemable and that its spirit could be revived. He did not give up! He searched for that soul. He went out on what might be called "a soul search," and he stayed until he found the soul of the flower, which is called its perfume.

The verbena was another flower which was beautiful to look upon, but which had an ugly scent. In fact, Burbank had decided to perfect a verbena without any scent at all. One summer evening he was walking among his flowers. There came to his keen nostrils from the verbena bed a pleasing, but faint, perfume. He got down on his knees to find which flower of the hundreds bore the scent. He failed. Another year passed, and again in the dusk of just such a summer evening he detected that same faint perfume. This time he kept on until he discovered the particular verbena that

bore this odor. Its perfume suggested that of the trailing arbutus. Mr. Burbank developed this perfume until he actually gave to the verbena the scent of the arbutus, that most beautiful of timid spring flowers. Into the calla lily he later bred the scent of the Parma violet. Mr. Burbank with untiring patience found the souls of these three flowers. He knew that they had these souls, and he kept on until he found them in the beauty of a hidden fragrance, which he released to the world.

Every soul has the beauty of fragrance hidden away. With this same eager wistfulness let us search within that soul for that beauty, for that spiritual essence of God hidden away. On this spiritual principle let us go forth to search and seek for the beauty which is in and on all souls.

Jesus saw in a blotched leper a white, clean body and soul. That leper was an outcast because of his disease, but Jesus found in him the life eternal, and called it forth for all the world to share. Jesus redeemed him.

The leper came to him an outcast, despised, avoided, and feared of men. He knew that he was an outcast, that there was a bad odor about his name; that "Unclean! Unclean!" was a symbol of his life and living.

He came crying, "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean!" He came saying, "If thou wilt, thou canst give unto my life a new fragrance, a new beauty, a new purity!" And Jesus, the everlasting Lover of all life and all beauty, the everlasting Searcher for souls, said: "I will, be thou clean!" And he reached out his hand, he got down on his knees and searched in that leper for a forgotten, a hidden, an illusive soul-beauty and perfume of prophecy of what that soul might become. He found it at last. And the leper found a soul!

The plant-breeder and the soul-searcher are explorers into the infinite. W. S. Harwood, previously quoted, credits Luther Burbank with saying that "the plant-breeder is an explorer into the infinite." We all agree on that. He reaches out into the heart of an outcast Arizona potato, he takes an outcast plum, and he finds in each that infinite something which God put there through long processes of the ages, and he rehabilitates that outcast and brings it back to its own.

He reaches down into the infinite of an ugly-odored flower and finds hidden away there a beauty of scent—hidden away by the Infinite God, as he hid away gold in mountain recesses, diamonds in the deep pits, and flowers on the

far heights—finds them hidden away in the infinite and by the Infinite.

He delves down into the deeps of silence and finds a crimson poppy with all of its possibility of changing and changeless beauty in a yellow flower of the field; he finds in an outcast daisy, hated and despised of men, the magnificence of the Shasta Daisy. That infinite possibility was always there, hidden away by the Infinite in that wild daisy, only it took an "explorer into the infinite" to find it.

He delves down into the heart of a blackberry and finds that, after all, it has inherent qualities which will make it a *white* blackberry; that those hidden possibilities are buried within its own soul. Therefore he brings out those qualities that will make a blackberry a whiteberry.

It may not be so important to a blackberry to become a whiteberry, but it is supremely important for a soul that is black with sin and blot to become a white soul; white under the magical touch of Christ, white when washed in the blood which flowed on Calvary—symbol of the white stream of a white life that burst forth from the cross. That is important to the black soul.

And just as surely as it is true that Luther

Burbank has performed the miracle of taking a blackberry and making it a whiteberry, so true is it that other "explorer into the infinite" can take a black soul and make it a white soul.

Said Mr. Burbank: "My theory of the laws and underlying principles of plant creation is, in many respects, opposed to the theories of the materialists. I am a sincere believer in a higher power than man's. All of my investigations have led me away from the idea of a dead material universe tossed about by various forces, to that of a universe which is absolutely all force, life, soul, thought, or whatever name we may choose to call it. Every atom, molecule, plant, animal, or planet, is only an aggregation of organized unit forces, held in place by stronger forces, thus holding them for a time latent, though teeming with inconceivable power. All life on our planet is, so to speak, just on the outer fringe of this infinite screen of force. The universe is not half dead, but all alive."[1]

So are we all—all of us "explorers into the infinite." "It is the spirit which quickeneth."

[1] From *New Creations in Plant Life*, by W. S. Harwood. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers, New York.

VIII

AT THE EDGE OF THINGS ETERNAL

"Lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called."—1 Timothy 6. 12.

The human soul is always a-standing on the edge of things.

We seem to like it. There is a thrill of adventure in it. We like that. We are good sports. I want to take this sporting blood and challenge it for the eternities.

I have stood on the edge of the Grand Canyon of Arizona and looked down into its glorious depths. I have looked upon a great battleship lying at anchor in the deep, a battleship glinting with its golden bows in the glory of the dying day. I have looked upon the domes and minarets, the mosques and temples of that buried valley and have thrilled as though I were standing on the very edge of the eternal city of God in the half light that crept after the sunset.

I have stood at the glacial edge of the Yosemite on the great overhanging rocks and looked down from that mile-high height into a panorama of beauty and wonder which has thrilled

the world. Off to the left I have seen the three great leaps of Yosemite Falls itself backed by El Capitán, the Bridal Veil Falls, and the Cathedral Spires; directly below the wooded valley with the green stream streaking through it; off to the right the Grotto with Nevada and Vernal tumbling into it; the Mirror Lake, Half Dome. Far to the east lies a range of snow-clad mountain peaks. It is a thrilling thing to stand on the edge of anything as grand and inspiring as Yosemite. You forget the sense of danger in the appalling beauty and lure of the thing.

I have lain on the edge of old, ancient, belching, rumbling Bromo, a volcano on the eastern tip of Java, and have looked into the fissures of radiant fire; looked, as it were, into the bowels of the earth; looked, as it were, into the furnaces of hell; looked, as it were, into the mysteries of the molten past history of the earth. I seemed then to be standing on the edge of all the past history of the geographical earth.

I have stood on the mountain peaks of California looking down upon that blue and beautiful Tahoe Lake of the skies, and I have felt that I was standing on the edge of the volcanic history of all time.

I have stood on the hills overlooking the beautiful Bay of Monterey and have felt that I was at the edge of the sublime and the beautiful of all earth's poetry. I have stood again at the edge of Niagara and looked down into its abyss of beauty and wonder by day and by night, and have felt that I was somehow standing at the edge of eternity.

Each one of these great hours made me feel as if I were standing on the rim of the earth at the edge of eternities. There is something appalling and impressive about standing at the edge of things.

John felt it as he stood looking down upon his vision on Patmos. John felt that he was looking upon things everlasting, and that he was standing on the edge of eternity, as, indeed, he was, for he brought back eternal visions for us to share with him.

Just now we are standing on the edge of great discoveries. Not many months ago I was talking with one of my friends who deals with electricity, and he said that two weeks ago with other scientists he had learned that we are just now on the edge of the discovery of a system of transmitting electricity by wireless—high voltage electricity such as Niagara Falls generates; that we would soon hurl it through the air for

any distance, just as we do the human voice over the radio. It is a thrilling and a startling thing to have the feeling that we are on the edge of such great and revolutionary discoveries. It has actually been possible to transmit electrical energy by wireless. The only fault with the system commercially is that anybody who knows how can reach out and take it just as they do with the wireless voices.

That is said to be the fault commercially. But, under God, who knows but that it is simply God's way of bringing in a great Christian era? Why not make it possible for everybody to reach out and get electrical power as free as the water and the air? That may be God's final intention, and we may be just standing on the edge of that great moment in history when God is about to force us to Christian living. Why should not the power of the earth be as free as the air? Why should not Niagara's power be as free as its tumbling water or its manifest beauty?

In his *Watchers of the Skies* Noyes has the great astronomer Herschel talking about the perfect celestial rhythm of the skies. He feels that these scientific discoveries of the astronomers have brought them mighty close to God and the supernal music.

"We have not found it but we feel it trembling
Along the lines of our analysis now
As once Columbus, from the shores of Spain
Felt the new continent."[1]

Those of us who have talked over the radio from the beginning of its popular use feel that somehow we are standing on the edge of great discoveries in this new invention. The improvements during the years of its existence as a popular newspaper institution have been so great already with new things coming so rapidly, that we feel all the time that we are standing on the edge of new and great discoveries in this world.

For instance, it is just now possible to send photographs by wireless and to telephone in the same way. The idea has not been fully developed, but we are standing on the edge of eternal discoveries along this line, with possibilities that thrill us.

I have recently read Slosson's *Creative Chemistry,* and in that book I have come to know that in the great, new science of chemistry we are just beginning to find ourselves. The World War, with its new revelations of chemical powers, left us standing on the edge

[1] From *Watchers of the Sky,* by Alfred Noyes. Reprinted by permission of Frederick A. Stokes Company.

of a new chemical world of commerce, war, and civilization.

Sin is sinned at the edge of eternity. It behooves us to think on this thought as we live. Many of us live so selfishly, so sinfully, so blindly, that we forget that we are living on the brink of an abyss. Now and then something happens to awaken us to the fact that we are living on the edge of eternity. A great disaster comes to entomb miners in the gold mines of California or in the coal mines of Pennsylvania; a ship at sea catches fire; a subway explosion occurs; an apartment house burns down; a theater roof collapses; a street car is smashed to splinters; a boy walks out of a church service and in two seconds is hurled over the brink into whatever eternity there is; a Titanic goes down—and then we know.

Whatever our religious view of life, we will have to admit that there *is* an eternity. Nobody denies that. No prattler can argue about it. There *is* an eternity. We are all living on the edge of it every minute. Whether we believe in immortality or not, let's get ready for something. Let's be ready for anything.

I do not know much about eternity or immortality. Neither does anybody else. But one thing I *do* know and that is, that I am on

the edge of eternity, and I am going to get ready for it spiritually, whatever it is. I can't go wrong on that!

Sin if you want to, but don't sin blindly. I've done my duty. I've pointed out the fact that we are living at the edge of eternity. If any man wants to sin on the edge of eternity, let him do so. This preacher has washed his hands of responsibility. Sin if you insist, but don't sin blindly. Sin, knowing that your next step may be into eternity.

I write it down here that a few weeks ago a boy, a beautiful spirit, came to the altar of the church to talk with me about God. He loved this church. He had been at the Epworth League devotional service. He had been at both morning and evening church services. He had been moved to walk up the aisle of the church to speak with me about eternal things—his love for the church and his God. Then I directed him to the office about another matter. He wanted to know a girl's name so that he might help her in a problem she was having. He walked out of that office, down our stairs and out into a safety zone to take a car. In a few seconds a drunken automobile driver came hurtling along. He saw the car coming. A woman was standing in front of him. He

leaped to her side, pushed her out of the path of the machine, held up his hands to warn the drunken driver of the safety zone, and was himself hurled into eternity.

We are all standing at the edge of great spiritual discoveries. First. We are standing at the edge of a great new era when Christian principles are about to be introduced into the industrial world.

Second. We are on the edge of the great discovery that there is a great unexplored psychological world down deep within us wherein is stored all the spiritual lore of all the centuries, and we have never tapped these resources. I know of more than one hundred books that have been written on this great new spiritual discovery within the past year. Those who follow the book world know of this great impending spiritual movement. They have heard Dr. Charles Brown, of Yale Divinity School, say that the new movement in psychoanalysis will stir the church world more than the theory of evolution stirred it.

Third. We are standing at the edge of a great revival of religion. The world has discovered what leaving God out of things brings us to. The world was brought to the great World War because the world left God out of

calculation. The statesmanship of the world left God out; the business world left God out, and, as a result, Christianity has never been given a fair trial. We have gotten to the bitter end of things. We can go no further. We are in a blind alley, spiritually, and we know it.

Spiritual movements are sweeping the world. A great revival of religion is upon us. We can now hear the far singing of the eternal and supernal music. God is coming. Christ is near! Human hearts are tender. Human hearts have been driven to God's breast. Love is the only salvation when we stand at the edge of eternity!

In the early days of the colonies in America a gentleman upon the frontier was hunting with his friends, when he became separated from them and completely lost his way. Every effort to retrieve his steps led him still farther into the wilderness, and night overtook him in a dense forest. Overcome with fatigue, he lay down under a tree and slept heavily. In the morning he awoke with a start, oppressed with that indescribable feeling that someone was looking at him, and, glancing up, saw that he was surrounded by hostile Indians, and that the chief of the band, in war paint and feathers, was bending over him with bitter hate depicted

in his features. He took in the situation at a glance—knew his immediate danger, and had no means of averting it; neither did he understand a word of their language. But he was self-possessed, knew the universal language of nature, and believed that even under war paint and feathers a "man's a man for a' that." He fixed his clear eye upon the Indian, and—smiled! Gradually the fierceness passed away from the eye above him, and at last an answering smile came over his face. Both were men—both were brothers—and he was saved! The savage took him under his protection, brought him to his wigwam, and after a few days restored him to his friends. His kindly smile had saved his life.

We are forever standing on the edge of spiritual riches and life and love. About twenty-five years ago a farmer's wife up in the Province of Ontario was searching the woods surrounding their farm for a cow that had strayed, and, becoming thirsty, stooped to get a drink from a spring. Slipping, she fell against a small loose rock which rolled to her feet and which proved to be a twenty-pound nugget of almost pure gold. Within six months of this discovery a city called Bridgewater sprang into existence with five thousand inhabitants. An immense

quarry of purest white marble was discovered near, and the town was practically built of marble. It is probably the only town in the world which has a hotel, church, schoolhouse, courthouse, and the great majority of its dwellings constructed of white marble. Strange to say, although enormous sums of money were spent in sinking shafts, there was never enough gold dug out of the entire district to pay for the sinking of a single shaft, and to-day that marble town is like Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

It is not finding material wealth, or success, or houses and land, that makes eternal happiness secure, but it is the finding of the white life through Jesus the Christ. And ever and forever are we, like this woman, standing on the edge of that great white spiritual discovery. It trembles in the near-by, like the coming of spring. We feel it as Columbus felt America always before him. It is always just out there like the scent of orange blossoms that one catches just before he comes upon that wonderland we call California. It is always out there like the presence of a dear friend whose nearness we feel rather than know is with us, a spiritual force and power, as real as life and death.

So is Christ just out there, and we feel his presence in our trembling souls. We know that we are always just on the edge of giving ourselves to him; always just on the edge of surrendering to his leadership and to his sway and his friendship.

In *The New Air World* the author strikingly startles us with a restatement of the old theory that there is such a thing as "invisible light." By this he means vibrations of ether that move more slowly than those vibrations which give to the eye the sensation of red and those that move faster, which give violet rays. It is certain that neither the eye of man or animal will ever see but a small part of the beauty of a landscape or a sunset, or the delicate coloring of a flower.

The human eye only takes in and makes sensible red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet, and their various tints. "We see as through a glass darkly," for the gentle signals that might reveal the beauties of paradise fall on the eye unheeded. On the other side of the veil of immortality these colors and beauties await us. There we shall hear sounds that we have never been able to hear here; such sounds as are made when a rose or a lily unfolds its petals and sends forth an anthem of joy. A

rosebush may be a greater symphony than anything that Beethoven ever wrote. What to us is the invisible light may be the illumination that guides the sweep of angel wings.

On the edge of this great spiritual world we stand, as we also stand at the edge of great scientific discoveries. Let us stand with reverent feet and trembling souls; with wistful, eager, expectant, purified hearts.

PART II

IX

WATCHING FOR THE MORNING

"My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning."—Psalm 130. 6, 7.

THAT is a wistful verse. It has the picture of anxious faces back of it. It has the picture of nurses watching over sick folks; of mothers watching by the beds of loved ones; of fathers keeping their lonely vigils by night waiting for the dawn; of soldiers watching and waiting for the break of day—and the dawn of peace.

It is a lonely verse! It is a great human heart-throb! It is a cry in the night! It is a sob. It is God talking to lonely souls. It expresses for us all of the love for God and eternity that the untold ages of the past have handed down to us.

I am glad that the psalmist gave us these words, that we may, through them, tell how much we love God and how wistfully we wait for him.

"My soul waiteth for the Lord more than

they that watch for the morning." Then the psalmist does a thing that one often sees done in the Bible. The psalmist repeats the same sentence immediately for the sake of emphasis. He knows that he has struck a universal idea and he repeats it for strength: "I say, more than they that watch for the morning!"

Yes, David, we heard you the first time. Even we poor, dull, unimaginative souls heard you; even we dull clods of the earth heard you the first time. You needn't repeat it. We heard, and thank God for the music of it!

It is like Bishop Quayle's flower-seed conversation:

The seed said, "Who called me?" It was the March winds calling and the seed was dead in sleep, but when the March winds called and blew their trumpets the seed turned over in its winter sleep and said again, "Who called me?" Then the March winds put their trumpets to their lips again and blew thunder blasts and the seeds of the flowers turned over again and said, "Who called me?" Then the wild west wind clamored again and the red-rose seed said, "I heard my name; I am invited to the sky."

That is the way one feels when he hears the psalmist trumpet his second blast on that great

phrase, "I say, more than they that watch for the morning."

They That Watch for the Dawn in the Bible

There was the waiting of the disciples for the dawn of the resurrection morning. Jesus had told them that he would rise again. They were human enough to doubt it in their innermost souls; to doubt it with a great sob in their throats, but to doubt it just the same. And they were human enough also to have a great hunger that the words of Jesus and his prophecy and promises about rising should come true.

We human beings know what that means. It means that lonely hope that a thing will come true in spite of the fact that we think it is impossible; that "missing" boy in France will, somehow, some way, come home alive, in spite of reports from the government, in spite of long waiting, months after all of the other boys have come home, and hope is dead in everybody else's heart save a mother's. That was the kind of waiting for the dawn that was in the hearts of the disciples.

There was the kind of waiting for the dawn that was in the soul of a certain father with whom I talked. His boy had been gone for

five years, but he said to me: "I have never gone to sleep a single night that I did not awaken toward morning dreaming that he was at the door, thinking I heard a knock, thinking I heard his old familiar boyish whistle coming home again. There has never been a night that I have knelt to pray that I did not pray that my boy would come home in the morning." His voice trembled and this great strong man wept as he opened his heart and its loneliness to me. He was waiting and hoping against hope that when the dawn came again his boy would come back.

It was in this way that the disciples waited. They feared Jesus would not arise. They hoped he would. And they waited for the dawn. Then came the great day with its dawning. Matthew 28. 1 says of that dawning, "In the end of the Sabbath as it began to dawn."

The waiting is over. It is dawn! It is day! Shout the glad news! It is dawn! It is day! It is Christ's day—more triumphant than that entrance into Jerusalem called the triumphal entry. This daydawn is the real triumph!

One of the beautiful Scripture verses describes a wonder, waiting for the dawn in Second Peter, first chapter and nineteenth verse:

"We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts."

As They Who Wait for the Dawn in Everyday Life

One of the first memories that real live men have is the memory of waiting for the dawn of that great and glorious day when the circus was to come to town. That was a watchful waiting. There was little sleep the night before for eager boy hearts who wanted to be up when the winds before the dawn were whispering in order to watch the circus unload and set up its tents.

There is always in the heart of childhood a waiting for the dawn of the day of pleasure. There is the day of the annual picnic that we adults take so prosaically but which is an event supreme in the life of a child. There is the dawn of Christmas morning, when every child watches and waits with an eagerness which ought to set our adult hearts to singing with romance. There is the dawn of the Fourth of July; the dawn of that glorious day in spring when we were allowed to take our shoes and

stockings off; the dawn of that hilarious day when school was out and vacation time began. Even as I go over these great events of childhood now I can feel the thrill of them in my soul, and the actual memories are reproduced as clearly in my adult soul as if they had taken place but yesterday. I can feel the winds of those yesterdays on my bare legs as I write and preach. Those were wonderful days to wait for, and they seemed a long way off—but, Oh, the waiting! That was wonderful waiting!

And so the psalmist knew how to express to its uttermost depths the emotion of the deepest kind of love for God and Christ when he said that, "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning."

The life of youth holds these waiting nights as well as the life of childhood, and we need but suggest a few. There is that wondering and wonderful waiting for the dawn of commencement day. What a waiting that is! What dreams and what romance leap to life at the very memory of that eager waiting! White dresses, the scent of red and white roses; sweet girl-graduates—one sweeter than the daydawn itself—boys in black, singing unmusically but vehemently the class song, the prophecy that takes a dig at everybody; the mothers and

fathers; the presentation of the diplomas; the cheering; the mist of tears in one's eyes. Oh, the glory of that day! We all know the eagerness with which we waited for its coming. The psalmist meant that kind of eager waiting when he said, "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning! I say, more than they that watch for the morning."

We know what it means to watch for the morning when sickness lays its menacing hands on the body and soul of one whom we love. That is an anxious watching for the dawn. To me one of the most pathetic stories in all literature is the story that Robert Louis Stevenson tells of how his old nurse used to stay awake with him all night in his sickness, when his body was racked with pain. He had to be carried in the nurse's arms so that he could breathe. He tells of how that nurse used to take him to the windows, where they would look out at the lights in other windows and the nurse and he would imagine that everywhere there was a light in some window there was another sick little boy waiting for the dawn.

God only knows how many sick souls through the long hours of the night wait for the dawning. Some of us have at times had just a little of that waiting, and we know what

a long and tedious thing it is to wait for the dawn and how anxious is the waiting. There is nothing on earth that seems so important as that coming dawn across the horizons of life.

The other day I was called to baptize a little dying boy baby. The child was one of my dear little friends. He was only about five years old, but for months he had been begging his mother to let me baptize him. He could not say the word straight, so he kept saying, "I want Doctor Stidger to put a flower in the water and put water on my head and kiss me!"

The divorced father was a watcher beside his boy. The mother explained to me that they had been divorced a year and that the father had not seen his boy for several months. He lay across the bed and was gently rubbing the child's hand, saying over and over, "My boy! My boy!" And there was a deep sorrow in each word.

The mother said, "I want him baptized with his father's name," and the father winced as if he had been struck. In the face of death animosities of life were forgotten. I baptized the little fellow and brought those two estranged lives together at that bedside.

So we all know the waiting moments of sickness; the long night of sleeplessness; the sol-

emn hours when death hovers near a loved one; the sleepless hours of tragedy and loneliness when one's heart is near breaking. How we wait for the dawn! How a sick child waits! We all have these human experiences.

"When will morning come, mother? Oh, will morning never come?" is the cry of a sick child.

"When will morning come, O God? When will morning come?" is the cry of a sick soul.

That was what the psalmist meant when he said: "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning; I say, more than they that watch for the morning!"

Some of us know what it means to wait for war-dawns. Most of the world has learned that recently. We know what it means to wait for "zero" hours—zero hours in cold and muddy trenches, zero hours on ships, cautiously crossing the submarine zones; waiting at the railing with life belts on; waiting for the lights along the shore, heralds of land. Shall I ever forget that waiting, that waiting and that dawning when our ship landed at Bordeaux or Brest or Saint Nazaire or Liverpool, after treading the dangerous zones of the sea? Who will ever forget that last night out? Or who shall forget the long night watches on the

gun-decks of warships, the morning watch from four o'clock to dawning? That waiting for the dawn to creep across the sea was the most intense waiting that human beings ever did. I know what it means, for I have stood a four-hours watch on shipboard in war time, from four o'clock to eight, waiting for the dawn of day. I know what a beautiful thing the first faint streaks of light are as they reach out like long fingers feeling their way along the sea. I know that glow and glory of the first rosebush that blossoms along the eastern white caps. I know the thrill of adventure that comes when the first "flame of the forest" bursts into blossom like a great tree, and I know the tense feeling of seeing the great full-fledged sun as it raises its glorious face above the horizon. There is no more eager watching for the dawn than that watching which is done by sentinels on the land and the watch on the sea.

We know too the anxious millions who waited for the dawn of peace on the earth in the World War. We were so eagerly watching for that dawning that we had a false dawn, just as we do in nature. Our hearts were so anxious for that dawn of peace to come that we were like racers at the starting point. We got a false start for peace. We were so nerv-

ous and anxious that, like horses in a running race, we leaped into the dark before the real dawn came.

But we know. God knows we know what that waiting meant. Ten thousand mothers and fathers know what waiting for peace meant. We wept. Sure, we wept. We shouted!

We were most of us like the boy who, a year after the armistice, was asked how he got a certain long scar across his face.

He said, "I got it the night of the Armistice by jumping through a plate-glass window in London."

"What under the sun did you do that for?"

"Oh, I don't know. It seemed a good idea at the time!"

That is a humorous expression of how we all felt.

My family was in California at the time. I had just returned from France and was getting ready to go back again in the service.

We were awakened at night. It was a glorious awakening. We shall never forget it—"Peace!" That word thrilled our souls. "Peace!" That word was like a benediction. I heard somebody in the street cry: "It means Peace! O God, it means Peace!" It must have been a father the way he spoke. "Peace!"

—that word was like a prayer. "Peace!"—it sounded like God's own coined word.

We remembered the song of the soldiers of Civil War days when they sat about their camp fires singing in their weariness and their loneliness:

> "Many are the hearts that are weary to-night
> Waiting for the dawn of peace."

That was what the psalmist meant when he said, "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning; I say, more than they that watch for the morning."

I want to close this sermon with a new phase of the prodigal son story. I want you to put yourselves in the place of the father and forget the son or the elder brother for a few minutes.

We do not know how long that boy had been away from home, but we do know that it was long enough to remember that he had a father.

Let yourself think this day of the long nights when that father went sorrowfully to sleep in his Oriental home, lonely for his boy. Try to think of him as going about his work and every now and then stopping to look away off southward, where he had seen his son disappear across the plains. Think of the long hours and days of praying and longing and waiting for

that boy. That is real waiting. That is real watching. When a father and a mother wait and watch for the dawn when their child comes home from his wasteful and wanton wandering, that is the Greek tragedy of loneliness.

Do you want to know what real loving of God is? The psalmist knew and summed all of this father and mother waiting and watching when he said: "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning; I say, more than they that watch for the morning."

And the glorious part of it is that God waits and watches for us in that same way—"more than they that watch for the morning"; waits and watches for us, his prodigal sons and daughters, to come home again.

X

"LIKE A CLOUD OF DEW IN THE HEAT OF HARVEST"

"Like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest."—Isaiah 18. 4.

One of the most pleasing memories that any of us have is the recollection of mornings drenched with dew. We can recall many glorious mornings when we walked across wide fields where the clouds of dew had fallen in the night on every blade of grass, and every leaf was jeweled with diamond drops.

We have blessed memories of red, red roses filled with white pearl-like drops of dew that glisten in the sun of the early morning, with the red petals as a background, dewdrops that sparkle like diamonds. We have memories of dew-wet mornings, with dripping trees and flower bushes.

But perhaps the most delightful memory of all is that of spider-webs of a May morning covered with silver dewdrops as if they had been gauze nets set out by the fairies at night to capture these rich pearls for the treasuries of the fairy queen.

Palestine is a dewy land. It has just the right changes of temperature to precipitate dew. Dew is moisture held in the air. Scientifically speaking, the atmosphere is capable of holding just so much dew in suspension. The greatest amount of moisture is taken up by the air in the daytime, and then when night falls and the atmosphere cools off the moisture is precipitated in the form of dewdrops. In Palestine the air cools rapidly after sunset and thus much dew is formed. If it were not for this heavy fall of dew by night everything would dry up and die. In the hot season dew is the salvation of all life and vegetation in the Holy Land.

Jesus loved the gentle dew of night. I can see him now praying along the Jordan River, and on the sides of Olivet, kneeling with his face lifted to the stars, praying in great agony for the world that he loved, and for which he was so soon to die. I can see him looking up, utterly unconscious of the falling dews of night until, when morning breaks, his brown and sun-burned beard sparkles with the gentle dews of God. Somehow those dews fell upon the face of the blessed Saviour like cooling drops of love; fell upon his fevered brow and upon his parched lips, white-hot with the pas-

sion of his heart; fell like the cooling touch of God; fell like the touch of a mother's cool hand upon a baby's fevered body. So God's dews fell upon the passionate and praying Christ by night.

The hymnology of the Church of Christ is rich with the figures of speech of the dews of dawning. In that beautiful morning hymn, "Still, still with thee," we see this figure used:

"Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

"Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn."

Another morning hymn uses this figure in the lines:

"Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew."

The figure of dew is a vesper figure also in hymnology, and one of the most beautiful uses of this figure is that of the Saviour touching our eyes to quiet sleep in peace:

"When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,

Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast."

There is a figure of the dew as that of a white garment spread by the angels in that beautiful old evening hymn, the last two verses of which are:

"Through the long night watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

"When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes."

Yes, God of beauty and cleansing, let us all lay us down to sleep this night, and wash thou our souls in thy white dews, so that we may all arise

"Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes."

That is our prayer each night—that we may have our souls washed in the white cleansing of thy dews of dawn.

Spiritual Teachings of Dew

First. *It is a symbol of fertility.* In biblical lands the dew is the utter salvation of the land. If the dew fails to fall, it means no crops and no flowers and no grass for the grazing of

sheep and cattle on the hillsides. Even though the rain does not fall in a desert land such as Palestine is in places, we often find that crops come because they get enough water from the dews that fall by night.

In Genesis, the twenty-seventh chapter, there is a wonderfully tender picture of Isaac blessing his son. While Jacob deceived his father, the symbolism is none the less beautiful and true. Isaac was old and blind, but he loved his son and he called this son to him. First, he touched his hands, and he listened to the music of his son's voice, which to this old man was as the evening zephyrs.

Then he said, "Come near now, and kiss me, my son." And then he smelled his son's clothes, and they had the smell of the fields on them, and he was satisfied and said, "The smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed." And what did this old man of God mean when he talked about his favorite son smelling like a field which the Lord had blessed? He meant a field upon which God's dews of night had fallen to enrich and make fruitful. It is a beautiful figure and one that we all understand, for we have known in our nostrils the sweet scent of dew on the fields—the plowed fields of the summer time.

I know that was what he meant because the next verse, which is the twenty-eighth verse of the twenty-seventh chapter of Genesis, says,

"Therefore God give thee of the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine."

So it was that this old patriarch, who loved God, when he wanted to reach his feeble hands out and touch the head of his beloved son in tender blessing for material prosperity said unto him, "Therefore God give thee of the dew of heaven."

And so I reach my hands out through this sermon this morning, this last sermon of the summer that I shall preach, and as I go away from you into a foreign country I leave my blessing and say unto you: "Therefore God give thee of the dew of heaven." May God's richest blessing rest upon you "like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest."

Second. *It has vitalizing and vivifying effects.* We all know the depression of summer heat. We know because we have often been in the midst of a heat wave. Summer heat often saps the life out of us, depresses us, and depletes our physical strength until we almost get down on our knees and pray for something to relieve the tension, the heat, and hurt.

Few people are of a curious enough turn of mind to be interested in statistics, but it is a well-known fact that crime flourishes during an extreme heat wave. Somehow extreme heat is so trying on the human mind that a sort of "I-don't-care" spirit pervades the jungles of our modern city so that crime goes rampant in the heart of a heat wave.

Somehow the human body is upset more by heat than cold. In the tropical countries sin and crime are more general than in our more temperate zones, for this very reason, that the mind seems unable to keep its complete poise under extreme heat. Heat demoralizes human minds. Suicides are more frequent during heat waves than at any other time, and this is due to the fact that our minds become more easily dethroned during a heat wave than at any other time.

Those who drive automobiles recognize a certain dare-devil carelessness in waves of extreme heat more than at any other time. I have noticed it every summer. In an extreme heat wave people do not seem to care how carelessly they drive and the streets are full of danger.

Every summer brings its terrible quota of deaths by heat; I remember one heat wave in

which more than sixty-five deaths were reported in one day. Therefore we all know what God meant when he said in Isaiah 18. 4 that his blessing would come upon us "like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest."

There is no sensation of comfort quite so satisfying as the breaking of a heat wave in the summer. Mothers in city tenements; with sick babies, with pale and listless babies; with babies dying with heat, know. They sit fighting for life; then suddenly a cool wind blows, perhaps the happy herald of a far-off rain. The rain falls, the hot spell is broken; the color comes back to a sick child's cheeks, and the mother laughs and sings and cries by spells. There is a great relief in the breaking of a heat wave of summer.

So God promises us, through this wonderfully universal and human figure of speech, that he will come like that; that he will come to us in our hours of distress, that he will come in our hours of need, that he will come in our hours of anxiety, that he will come to our fevered souls, in pain and loneliness "like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest."

Third. *Dew is used to teach the lesson of inconstancy.* In Hosea 13. 3 this great seer and prophet of human experiences was foretelling

the fate of the worshipers of graven images. He was trying to show the Israelites how vain was their going away from God. He was using the strongest figure of speech to indicate inconstancy that he could summon to his mind. He started off with the figure of the morning cloud, that filmy, misty cloud of early morning which has no substance and which when the sun comes up is quickly made to disappear.

Then he uses another figure of speech to convey the idea of inconstancy. This is the famous figure of the chaff which the wind drives away. This figure is quite a common one in the Bible because it was an agricultural one, and the people of Israel knew what it meant because they were agricultural people. Hosea told these farmers that when they went away from God, followed after false prophets, and worshiped graven images—images of materialism, selfishness and pleasure—they were like the chaff which the wind drives away. Still another figure was that of smoke. He said that Israel, in her inconstancy to God, was like the smoke that cometh out of a chimney, and when he said that he was not only describing the people of his particular day but he was also describing people to-day in churches everywhere. We who should be what God calls the

"light of the world" and the "salt of the earth," and "the rock" are the smoke that pours out of the chimney, the clouds of the morning, and the chaff which the wind drives away.

Then he summed it all up with this reference to the dew, saying that inconstant and untrue people were like the dew that is dissolved by the morning sun: "Therefore they shall be as the morning cloud, and as the early dew that passeth away, as the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind out of the floor, and as the smoke out of the chimney."

Thank God for the people of his church who are the "salt of the earth." Thank God for the people who are "the light of the world." Thank God for those people in his church who are the "rocks."

Fourth. *The dew of youth.* This is the most wonderful figure of all—the dew of youth. Dew is used as a symbol of perpetual youth, that thing for which the whole world seeks, that Ponce de Leon spring, that El Dorado, that promised land of eternal youth.

The psalmist tells us how to find that. He tells us in the 110th Psalm, the third verse, when he sings: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning; thou hast

the dew of thy youth." The dew of youth—what is it? Answer: It is what the people of God have in their souls. The dew of youth—what is it? Answer: It is what one who loves Christ has in his soul forever. The dew of youth—what is it? Answer: It is what an old man who is a Christian has which makes people say of him, "He never grows old." The dew of youth—what is it? Answer: It is what an old gray-haired woman of whom all the young people who know her say: "She is so sweet to have around. We all love her." The dew of youth—what is it? Answer: It is the love of God in a human soul, which makes a poet like Edwin Markham sing forever the songs of eternal youth.

I remember once when I had a walk and a talk with Bishop Quayle. He was talking about sermon writing and I asked him how he wrote his sermons. I wanted to know whether he sat down at a typewriter and wrote them or wrote them in long hand, or dictated them to a stenographer.

He said: "I never write them out beforehand. I read widely, and then in the morning before I am to preach I take a walk out into God's world; or out through the fields of God's Bible, or a walk through and under the trees of God's

prayer, and then I go into the pulpit and preach."

"Why do you not write them out beforehand?" I asked him.

"If I did, the dew would all be off of them before I preached them."

I have never forgotten that beautiful figure. God help us to keep the dew of youth on our poor souls. God help us to keep the dew of youth on our minds and our dreams and our living. God help us to keep the dew of youth on our viewpoint in life. God help us to keep the dew of youth on our souls.

And how shall we do this? We shall do it by keeping the love of God in our hearts. I was at a college commencement a while ago and met many friends while there. One man I met was a certain doctor of whom I had heard much talk. In college he was a fine lad, but he had never expressed much interest in religion; in fact, he was rather indifferent to religion. I had not heard of this doctor for ten years, but when I got to talking about him I felt a note of reverence and confidence. He lives in a lake city and has a reputation of being a great surgeon. I talked with an old fraternity friend upon whose daughter the doctor had operated. The young father said, "I felt a sense of con-

fidence in him such as I could not have felt had my own father been the surgeon upon whose fingers my baby's life depended."

"What gave you that sense of confidence?" I asked him.

He hesitated a minute and then said: "Because he has the general reputation of praying before every operation. He says: 'It is not I who operate. It is not my fingers which are skilled. It is God who works through me and who operates. I never enter an operating room that I do not lift a word of prayer.'"

What was he praying for?

That the gentle dew of God might fall upon his soul and his fingers and that he might have the dew of youth to aid and guide and help.

The Grand Canyon of Arizona is beautiful at all times, but one day I saw it when it was filled with white mist and white clouds. What a wonderfully refreshing sight it was! There it lay beneath us like a giant lake filled with white waves rolling in placid wonder and refreshing beauty. It looked as if one could take off his clothes and plunge into that white lake of mist and swim to the other rim, many miles across. It seemed that nothing could be more beautiful than that wonderful canyon filled with white mist and dew distilled from heaven.

But those of us who knew the canyon knew that down beneath that great sea of mist there were gigantic domes, minarets, temples, and towers which have stood through the ages. We knew that down beneath that bank of mist there were crimson glories and golden beauties that would thrill the soul of humankind. Down beneath that sea of mist there was a great deep like the deep of the sea. We knew all of that.

And so we come to the thought of this sermon. Let not the imagery of this sermon disguise its meaning. Back of the figures of speech so wonderfully conceived by the biblical writers whom I have quoted, back of it all there is God. Back of the symbolic meaning of the cross of Calvary there is the Christ who lived to love and die for us. We often get the material cross ahead of the spiritual cross, and we get to using it as a symbol and do not get it into our hearts of hearts, God pity us.

So back of the symbolic meaning of this sermon is the God of pity, the God of mercy whose love falleth from heaven "like the gentle dew."

And so, in closing we cry, as did Moses in Deuteronomy 33. 13, *"Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and the deep that coucheth beneath."*

XI

"LIKE SOME TALL CLIFF"

"Never man spake like this man."—John 7. 46.

"Like some tall cliff that lifts its mighty form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though 'round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

One is impelled to greatness by looking upon a cliff which, as is suggested by these four lines, stands out above the petty little things of life, aloof and heaven-lit. There is something godlike in the symbolism, and the silent, starlit sweep of an old cliff-sentinel like El Capitán. We see God and godlike things in nature's symbolism. We hear God at the organ of the universe, playing on the manual of nature, when we hear the wintry winds blustering around a great white cliff. Cliffs have endeared themselves to poets and prose writers. We never forget the haunting loneliness of the homesick British heart in that immortal line, "Are Dover's cliffs still white?" A great cliff is like a flute stop in God's organ, and up the hollow crevices of great cliffs God's winds

pour, making immortal music for our immortal souls.

Picture the setting and meaning of our text. Soldiers had been sent out to bring Jesus in. They had listened to Jesus talking about himself being "the water of life." He had spoken with conviction. And, listening, these soldiers had felt the divine power of Jesus. They had never heard such supreme self-assertion. He looked and acted and talked like a man of kingly prerogatives. Here was no insignificant man. Arresting and binding this man had its complications. So they went back empty-handed, and when asked why they had not seized and bound Jesus, all they could answer was, "Never man spake like this man."

John Drinkwater uses a figure of speech to describe that crucial moment when Cromwell came to the throne of England, from "lonely Huntington," came at the call of the common people, brushing aside the occupant of the English throne to sit thereon himself: "And Cromwell was the lord of his event." This English dramatist also describes that crucial moment when Lincoln came to take the helm of the floundering ship of state, in that same tremendous phrase, "And Lincoln was the lord of his event."

It was a beautiful thing to give us a picture of this type of man as a man who stands out like a cliff, above the fogs and storms. I am glad for these four lines of poetry. They describe exactly the type of man I want to bring to you—the Christ type—the man who always and everywhere is "the lord of his event."

I remember Edwin Markham telling me of a rocky cliff in Oregon that he lived under as a boy. That is one of the most regnant memories of his childhood life, that old gaunt cliff. When Markham was writing his famous Lincoln poem, he wanted a figure of speech which would describe the infinite patience of Lincoln, the poise and peace of his great soul; the stately, solemn splendor of him, the lofty dignity. Then swiftly into Markham's soul came back the memory of this great mountain cliff which hovered over his boyhood's cabin home in Oregon. He was just a lad of five or six, but that tall, rocky cliff made its never-to-be-forgotten imprint on his child-soul. That memory had slumbered for a quarter of a century, until it was needed to describe the lofty characteristics of our Lincoln. Then, like magic, up from the deeps of the subconscious, where it had been in repose, came the memory of that cliff, poured into this last line:

"The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks."

Emerson has something of the same thought that Drinkwater expresses in his description of a clifflike man: "The soul contains the event that shall befall it, for the event is only the actualization of its thoughts; and what we pray to ourselves for is always granted. Events are the children of your mind and body." Emerson says elsewhere in a chapter on "Beauty": "From a great heart secret magnetism flows incessantly to draw great events."

Truly great men, men who become the lords of their events; men who, like Jesus, awe and inspire other men with respect and reverence, have certain common characteristics. These characteristics I have noted in my interviewing of men who are great in this day and age; men who stand out above their fellows as leaders and lords. These characteristics I shall set down in this sermon in their order, and those who read will note that every characteristic which is set down is the characteristic of a certain man of whom it was spoken: "Never man spake like this man."

He is like the flute. Pour a full breath of air into him, and it comes out with all of the

tones and notes the musician likes and needs. So it is that God pours through Jesus a full breath of his own Divine Spirit, and the music that pours out of that flute is as varied as the attributes of manhood—ideal manhood, cliff-like manhood.

The first of these attributes is a great simplicity of soul. There is perfect simplicity about a cliff. I have had the honor of the friendship of several men of my day who may fairly be called great men. I have known them well enough to catch their spirit and to know their hearts. They are men of widely different professional life, and they are all leaders in their different professions. I have known some of them intimately. They are widely different in their training, widely diverse in their talents, as far as the north is from the south in their childhood environments. But they all have one characteristic in common, and that is the characteristic of simplicity of soul. Each one of them is simple in his tastes, simple in his dress, simple in his eating, simple in his relations with humanity. Each one is almost childlike in his simplicity. I might add to this personal knowledge of these great men a wider group, which I would take from life and history, and I would find that the characteristic of true

greatness is always and ever a genuine simplicity of soul. Tennyson's "King Arthur" expressed it all:

> "And in me there dwells
> No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
> Of greatness to know well I am not great."

Men who are tall like cliffs, men who become the lords of their events, have a simplicity of soul which is childlike. Jesus said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God," and when he said that, he gave the world an intimation that a childlike simplicity of soul was one of the qualifications of kingdom greatness.

The thinking man becomes "the lord of his event." Emerson some place in his essays says: "Beware, when the Lord lets loose a thinker in the world." We are all friends with Rodin's "The Thinker." It is an interesting thing in Paris to see the original of this "Thinker" and to learn that the copy which we know is just a detail from what Rodin intended to be a great group of figures representing the evolution of mankind upward from the fish to the bird, to the animal, to mankind; through savage mankind and prehistoric mankind, up and up to the "Thinker." This process is represented in two

great groups of figures which rise upward for thirty feet in miniature models, and finally climax in this bronze figure of Rodin's "The Thinker." It is a simple story that is told, which places the man who uses his mind as the climax of the upward growth of humankind.

The thinking man is always the alert man. He knows what is coming to pass before it comes. He thinks far enough ahead of his fellow men to be a prophet. He becomes a poet and a prophet and a sage to his race, because he is thinking ahead of the racial average. He will be the inventor because he is thinking, and we shall owe to him some of the greatest achievements of life and living. He will be performing all kinds of experiments, trying to discover some of nature's hidden secrets. He will be listening to hear some new note from the organ of the universe.

The thinking man is the poised man. He is not easily flurried and upset by passing storms. He is the most admirable type of man I know, this undisturbed man. Some person once said that "Niagara Falls is without speed, with no sense of hurry. This is power personified." There is power and poise about thinking men.

Thought is like the power of the split electron. We are told that the great search of

scientists now is to learn how to split the electron, and it is declared that there is enough power in a split electron to lift the world. Thought is like that. There is enough power in thought to overturn the world. Hugo said: "There is only one thing mightier than armies, and that is an idea whose hour has come." Men who think sever a continent and unite two oceans in everlasting wedlock through a Panama Canal. Men who think send the human voice around the earth in half a second. Men who think remake a desert with a Roosevelt Dam. Men who think harness the electrical power of a Niagara and turn the wheels of the world.

Men who think remake humanity and the earth. Talleyrand said: "Keep cool, and you command everybody. Above all, gentlemen, no heat!" Such a man soon becomes "the lord of his event." Such a man will stand "like some tall cliff."

The feeling man becomes "the lord of his event." The perfect man is the man who is simple in his soul, the man who thinks and the man who feels. These three characteristics of greatness do not necessarily preclude and exclude each other. It is possible to be all three of these; to have all of these attributes.

He must be like the antennæ of the radio, feeling delicately out for all subtle sounds in the air and earth. He must have such delicate feelers that nothing escapes his notice. To such a man revelations come because he has the feeling for revelations and discoveries.

The feeling man has that same thing in his soul which a violinist has in his fingers. He is sensitive to the current thoughts of the world of his day. He feels for other people. He expresses their emotions and their thoughts in language they understand.

He is as sensitive as a seismograph to the movements of his day. He feels what is going on with a strange instinct. He hears God at the organ.

He is as sensitive, says Emerson, as "iodine to light," to the movements of his day and time. He is the prophet, the poet, the preacher.

The sympathetic man is "the lord of his event." A man may be a thinking man, a simple-minded man, a feeling man, but in order to be an all-around man he must also be a sympathetic man. I mean by that that he must have love for others. He must know how to pour out his heart in sympathy over the sorrows of others.

Jesus had all of these attributes which go to

make up a man who is "like some tall cliff," but he also had the sympathetic part of his spirit highly developed. No more sympathetic man ever lived than Jesus the Christ.

Sympathy is a mark of true greatness always. Lincoln was what might easily and fairly be called a sympathetic man. He had sympathy for animals, and the story of his getting himself all muddy in order to help a pig out from under a fence is one of the classics. A new story that Doctor Barton tells is that of the journey from Indiana to Illinois. The Lincolns took a dog along with them, and, in fording a river, the dog was left behind. Doctor Barton tells the story in the words of Lincoln himself: "The party had to ford the rivers because there were no bridges. The party traveling into Illinois brought with them a pet dog, which trotted along after the wagon. One day the little fellow fell behind and failed to catch up until after they had crossed the stream. Missing him, they looked back, and there on the opposite bank he stood whining, and jumping about in great distress. The water was running over the broken edges of the ice, and the poor dog was afraid to cross. It would not pay to turn the oxen and the wagon back and ford the stream again in order to recover

a dog, and the majority, in their anxiety to move forward, decided to go on without him. 'But I could not endure the idea of abandoning even a dog,' related Lincoln. 'Pulling off shoes and socks, I waded across the stream and triumphantly returned with the shivering animal under my arm. His frantic leaps of joy and other evidences of a dog's gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone.' "[1]

But to be sympathetic means something more than to be touched by distress and sorrow. It means to have an understanding heart open to little children, to youth, to old age.

Jesus had "an understanding heart." No sweeter picture exists of him than that picture of little children coming to him to be blessed, and of his taking them in his arms, loving them, kissing them, blessing them, and saying, "Of such is the kingdom of God." That is the glory of Christ—his sympathizing soul. He understood. He understood childhood and he understood youth. Christ's attitude toward youth is one of the most appealing things about him. He looked upon youth and loved its dreams, its idealism. He loved youth. The Bible says of

[1] From *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, by William E. Barton. Reprinted by permission of author.

one of his meetings with a young man that "Jesus, seeing him, loved him."

His sympathy reached out to old age as well as to babies and youth. But finer even than that, his sympathy took in outcasts. In the churchyard of Saint-Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie stands Picirrelli's "The Outcast." It used to be in one of the colonnades at the San Francisco Exposition. It is white marble and it shows a man sitting with his head between his knees, in utter dejection. It is an impressive piece of marble, and it has a good setting now.

He had a way with outcasts, did Jesus. There is no more tender or more beautiful story than his understanding and sympathy with Mary Magdalene. He was not condescending, he was not scornful, he was not pious, and he was not a judge. He was a kindly, sympathetic brother to that woman, and he did not stop to preach to her. He preached to those who had made her that way. He loved her into the kingdom of his heart.

That was a tender way he had with lepers. Most people ran from lepers, and scorned them, and drew back from them, for they were outcasts in the vilest sense of that word. They were hideously ugly. When the leper came to Jesus crying out and beseeching him, Jesus

looked upon him and had compassion on him and said, "I will, be thou clean." That is one of the most beautifully understanding things that Jesus ever did. He had an understanding heart, and we love him for it.

Even when he was on the cross he understood and had sympathy with the thief who believed on him, and gave that thief the compassion of a dying heart, and the comfort of a Comrade Christ.

He had a way with him of making each individual feel that he was more interested in that individual than anybody else on earth. That is a Christlike trait of character.

The God man is the truly great man. I have summed up the characteristics of greatness in a man. All truly great men are God-men. The natives of Africa called Livingstone a "God's-Book man," and what they meant was that he was a "God-man."

Few men have influenced the English-speaking nations any more than Gladstone, and *The Glass of Fashion* says of him that he and Mrs. Gladstone walked a mile every morning to worship in a little chapel before he went to Parliament. He was a "God-man."

Dan Crawford tells in *Thinking Black* about a Mr. Cobb. Cobb used to have as a favorite

phrase, "Look up, for we are going up—and so, so soon!" A Negro in Africa saw so much of God in this missionary that he started a new religion in his corner of Africa with Missionary Cobb as a sort of a Central Saviour. It was a daring idea. "Ah," said the Negro, "when I am in a fix in life this is what I do. I just send up a prayer to Bwanna Cobb as mediator, and he will arrange it, for he has a big say with God. He will pass it along to God. He will have a big say with God."

Dan Crawford's comment on this is: "Of course I deplored his wrong theology. But oh, the bittersweet reflection notwithstanding—that this mere dust-to-dust man should be chosen as a 'saysman' between God and his soul, 'a living Epistle,' a walking and talking Bible. They saw the gleam of life eternal shooting out of his honest hazel eyes; they *saw,* I say, and believed in a man of God."[1]

Once when a missionary was going into a pioneer part of Africa, he was talking about the gospel of Christ, and what it would do, and the Negro could not believe it. Hence his blunt challenge to the missionary: "Well, you just sit down here and live your gospel for twenty

[1] From *Back to the Long Grass.* Reprinted by permission of the publishers in America, George H. Doran Company.

years or so, and then I will believe you." That poor, ignorant African Negro was asking the missionary to live for twenty years the "God-man-life." He had seen it lived. He had seen Livingstone, that man of whom Stanley said, "I knew there was a Christ because there was a Livingstone."

So these men, "like some tall cliff," these men who are the lords of their events, are men of simplicity of soul, men of thinking minds, men who feel, men who are "God-men." Of such a man it can be said, as Montluc, the great marshal of France, said of the Genoese admiral, "It seemed as if the sea stood in awe of this man." Of such a man it shall be said, as it was said of the Earl of Kildare, who was in rebellion against Henry VII of England, and who was brought to London and examined by the Privy Council and the king. Said the king: "All Ireland cannot govern this Earl. Then let this Earl govern all Ireland."

Jesus Christ combined all of these attributes of manhood.

He was the supreme expression of manhood, brotherhood and God. We know there was a Christ because there was a Livingstone, and we know there was a God because there was a Christ.

So call the cliffs of God! They call us to simplicity of soul; they call us to thinking; they call us to feeling and sympathy; they call us to God!

Cliffs are God's great organ stops. They tower high in silver and golden splendor, their crevices like flutes; up which the winds of God sough and sing and sigh of his beauty and his majesty, his simplicity, his strength.

XII

YOUTH'S YOSEMITE

"The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts. The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former."—Haggai 2. 8, 9.

A GLORIOUS echo of this text is found in several places in the Bible in such phrases as "But it shall come to pass in the latter days." There is ever a promise of something better further on. What shall come to pass? Whatever we are dreaming to-day shall come to pass.

This text is a literal "Youth's Yosemite" opening up before us. It is a gold mine, an Imperial Gold Mine, symbol of the fact that the silver and gold of all life lie out there ahead of us. It is God's gold and it is God's silver.

One day I visited the Imperial Gold Mine in Grass Valley, California. For fifty years they have been taking gold from this mine. First, they "panned" it out of the streams. Second, they swept away the mountain surface with hydraulic pressure, and unearthed the gold from the surface in that way. But now they go down deep into the bowels of the earth for

their gold. Each year they go deeper and further. The mine was an intricate meandering of shafts, tunnels, levels, and lodes. When we had finished this tour the superintendent said to me, "We took more gold out of this mine this year than in all its previous fifty years of production put together." "It shall come to pass in the latter days." "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." "The silver is mine and the gold is mine. . . . The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former."

Even speaking from a mere material standpoint, the world that lies out yonder ahead of youth is "better further on." It belongs to youth. It is rich with material conquests yet to be made; great explorations, great scientific discoveries.

This text is not only a gold mine, but it is a Louvre of Life. It is a symbol of the cultural, as well as the material awards that lie out yonder waiting for youth. One of my greatest delights in visiting the Louvre Gallery is to stand at the end of that long hallway and see the Venus de Milo standing down at the further end with her immortal beauty of marble and light. It is also always my experience that I start into that great Louvre with the expectation of doing it systematically and carefully, room by

room, without missing a room. I start off that way, but in a few minutes I find myself lured into a room with its high colors of purple and gold and blue—a room of Norwegian art. Its high colors attract me. Then I start back down that hallway, methodically and carefully, intending to do the thing systematically, but before I know it I am in another maze of beauty and color, standing before a Corot, before a Millet, before a Rembrandt, a Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa"—and time has flown, and there is no order, and my way is lost. All I know is that it is "better further on" in that great Louvre; that it is "sweeter as the years go by," that "It shall come to pass in the latter days," that "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former."

And I realize, somehow, that this art-gallery experience is something of a symbol of all that lies out there ahead of youth in the Louvre of life. That which is to come is richer and better than all that has gone before. To-morrow in the Louvre of life—this is the symbol that the cultural and the spiritual things of life are richer than all that has gone before. To-morrow holds more infinite possibilities for youth. To-morrow belongs to youth.

Or better even than either of these figures is

the figure of youth's Yosemite. Life is a great Yosemite Valley stretching out before youth. In this beautiful valley youth discovers God at work for him and his. In this valley youth hears God at the organ of the universe. He hears God playing great thundering waterfalls, winds in the giant Sequoias, water running and plunging down the Merced River; and he knows, before long, through his instincts alone, that all of that music, all of that infinite wonder, comes not by mere chance; that there is an Organist back of that beautiful harmony, that music, that perfect order and organization of tone and color and sound.

Youth approaches the Yosemite, as we all did, through the valley of the Merced River, which empties all of the water of fifty-six snow-clad mountain peaks over Yosemite Falls. This is like life. Youth has to go through the long valley of high school and college before it finds itself out into the great valley of human life. It seems a long valley and a long way, but it has its own adventures, its own beauties, its own glories, just as has the valley of the Merced which leads up into the Yosemite.

Youth must know this: that the Yosemite of life is even more bewilderingly beautiful than the Merced Valley of life, that long narrow

way, which leads to the entrance of the Yosemite. "It is better further on." "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

I shall never forget my first visit to the Yosemite Valley. I was looking forward to it with a great and wistful eagerness. I was sitting in a seat with one of those "older-generation" humans. The train had hardly started when I began to enthuse over what I was seeing out of the window in that beautiful gorge of the Merced Valley. To me that was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen in all my days. The great stream would leap at a rock, house-high, and with laughter and shouting, leap over that rock as if the stream was playing leap frog. Then we would round a bend in the road, and before us would stretch a beautiful, placid, quiet stretch of water, as calm as a millpond, green and blue and deep as the sky above, which was reflected in its placid bosom. I would go into ecstasies over this beauty. Sheer wonder filled my soul.

That fellow of another generation sitting beside me would look at me as if he thought I was crazy. He didn't seem to enter into my enthusiasm at all. He just grunted now and then, as I punched him to call his attention to something of sheer beauty outside the window as

tiful, my boy, I just want to be sitting right here beside you when you first look up in wonder at El Capitán and you catch your first sight of the real Yosemite itself. I am not enthusiastic over this entrance to Yosemite because I know so well what is coming pretty soon, something further on, which makes this beauty look like the tinsel of a playhouse."

That is the message which this other generation could bring to us, if we would let them; that it is "better further on," that "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," that "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former," that it is "sweeter as the years go by."

But most of those of this generation will not let those of that other generation talk at all. We count them as *passé*. They are out of it; even though they be our own fathers and mothers. However, let us remember that they have been that way before, and have much to tell us of its beauties.

Life is like these three symbols which I have brought you. Life is like that Imperial Gold Mine in Grass Valley, California. More gold will be taken out of the Imperial Gold Mine of life to-morrow than in all of its past history put together. Such is the material hope that life offers to youth.

To-morrow is the Louvre of life. It offers richer spiritual, cultural, and intellectual rewards than any generation of the past has ever had. It all belongs to youth.

But best of all, to-morrow is a great "Youth's Yosemite" stretching out ahead of this generation and these generations unborn, with all of its adventures, its challenging trails of achievement; trails which lead to the mountain-tops; trails of light which lead to the stars; trails of vision which lead to a mighty sweep of eastern bliss and glory of mountain peak and glacial meadows. "Youth's Yosemite" lies out yonder, just a little way, with God at its organ playing the stops of waterfalls, plunging rivers, Æolian harps in the great Sequoias, thundering avalanches in winter time; lightning, thunders, storms, birds, dawns, and crooning winds. That all belongs to youth. It is just out yonder, waiting.

And so life is always like that to the dreamer —to the one who can see the stars, to the one who can hear the call of the eternal, to the one who lives big and full and free, to the one who does not let little, petty, earthy, material things drag one down to the place where he cannot see the stars.

The text of such a life, the text of a Chris-

tian life, is always "Something better further on," "Sweeter as the years go by," "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

To the Christian, life starts out on the earth, but it soon gets to mountain peaks. Then it soars beyond the mountain peaks in dreams and visions, beyond the clouds, and then far beyond the clouds, to the stars. Then it leaps beyond the stars until nothing but eternity will satisfy it. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

A child is a beautiful thing to me; beautiful because of its sweet lips, because of its unspoiled soul; beautiful to me because it is such an unaffected friend; beautiful just because it is a child and untainted by the world; beautiful because it has a keenly discriminating sense of real human values and its love is a tribute a thousand times more valuable and more true than the love of any grown-up. And a child is a source of wonder to me chiefly because, when I look at it, and stop to think that all the future is wrapped up in its little soul, I want to exclaim as a prayer, with bowed head, kneeling in the dust of humility before a thought that blinds mine eyes and fills my soul with awe: "Yes, this, *this,* THIS is wonderful—this little child, this tiny tot. But 'it doth not yet appear what we shall be.'"

I think that is why it grieves my heart so much when a baby or a little child dies. All of its future we may not see. God sees it, but we do not for a time, at least, until we journey at last to where he is and where it is.

Yes, it seems somehow a blow that will make all men sorrow when any little child passes from the earth, be that little child our own or that of our neighbors, or that of a black mother in far Africa, or that of a blue-eyed Esquimo in cold Greenland. When a little child dies, oh, God of pity, that is enough to break the world's heart if the world realizes what its loss is. For, when one looks at a little child, he exclaims if he has any imagination: "Ah, yes, this child is beautiful. But 'it doth not yet appear what we shall be.' "

Those who see the future from to-day. I have always admired those who can see the future from to-day. It takes a great soul and a far vision to do that. An architect, for instance, of a great and beautiful building. I have an imagination, and am rather proud of it, but somehow, it is not imagination that sees a house constructed before the reality is there. A man who can walk up to a plot of ground and see a house thereon, complete with all the comforts and all the conveniences of a cozy home,

has my admiration. I have always felt a sense of awe in his presence.

Even when they get it down on paper, it is hard for me to see. It seems that my particular kind of an imagination does not work in that way. The house must be there for me to see it. I have a great appreciation of a beautiful home, when it is all right there before me. I like nothing better than to see every room in a home, every picture, and every comfort, especially if a man builds it himself out of his own dreams; but it has to be there for me to see it. I could never have stood on a vacant lot and have seen that house already erected. For that reason I have always admired a man or a woman who can do that thing. They are men and women who fit this text; they are men and women who can stand in front of a bare lot, covered with rubbish and stumps of old trees—a dirt heap, if you please —and dream a house, with smoke coming from the chimneys, and say to themselves: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

I have always admired Joaquin Miller for his great poetry. I have his complete works. I have dreamed over his *Songs of the Sierras,* his *Songs of the Sunlands,* his *Songs of Italy,* his *City Beautiful.* I have felt the thrill of that

great "Columbus" and of "The Greatest Battle that Ever was Fought." I have admired him for all of this. But there is one thing that I have admired him for, even more than this. It was his ability to see in a rugged, stone-strewn, uncultivated hillside overlooking San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate the dream of the possibilities of the home that he called "The Heights." I have seen it many times, with its thousands of rose bushes, its stone monuments, its five thousand pine trees in the shape of a great cross, its little God's Acre in which fifteen or twenty outcasts are buried, its beauties of tree and flower. That was a dream which Joaquin Miller dreamed while that hillside was nothing but a rugged waste. He saw from the beginning what that hillside was capable of becoming. He looked at its rough sides, its rugged rocks, and he said to himself, no doubt, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

I have been reading during the past year more or less in Maurice Maeterlinck's *The Bee*. It is a fascinating story. It is the story of a bee, but it reads like a romance of human beings. The bee has some marvelous characteristics. It is as intelligent and as well ordered as human beings, but the one refrain that con-

tinues throughout this marvelous book is a sense of sacred regard for the future. It is a fascinating thing how this refrain runs through the music of this story; how this silver thread runs through the fabric of this tale of the bee. When you first come upon it you are struck, you are startled with it. It thrills you to learn that bees should be so wise as to take such intelligent care for the future. The bee will sacrifice anything in the present for the future. It is a beautiful thing. The text of Maeterlinck's book might well be, if he wanted a phrase to bind every chapter into a whole: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Humanity and the future. The future lies in the hands of youth. What is made of it will depend entirely upon the young. It is essentially the day of youth. To-morrow is yours. Forever is yours. We speak in terms of "the new era."

Whose is it? Not your father's new era. Not your mother's new era. Not your high-school teacher's new era. Not your college president's, nor your college teacher's nor your preacher's! No, thank God, the future belongs to you! We hand it over to you. We hand it over sacredly. We hand it over in reverence,

for we can see what supreme possibilities lie within its years.

Men are to-day talking in terms of reconstruction. They are using the words "the dawning of a new day." They are using such expressions as "the new era," "the new world," "the new day," "the new democracy," "the League of Nations." And to whom does it all belong? To you, to *you,* to YOU, to do with it what you will! God help you to handle it with firm hands! God help you to handle it with strong souls; with souls made strong through Jesus the Christ! God help you to handle it with great dreams in your souls! It is yours, youth of America!

Doctor Jowett gives us a parable. He pictures Durham City, England. He says of it: "Away in the lower reaches of the city there is a river on which boats are plying for pleasure and recreation. A little higher up on the slope of the hill are the places of business, the ways and byways of trade. A little higher up there is the castle hill, on which the turreted tower presents its imposing front; but on a higher summit, commanding all and overlooking all, there rises and towers aloft the majesty of the glorious cathedral. Let me interpret the emblem.

"The river is typical of pleasure, the ways of business are representative of money; the castle is the symbol of armaments, and the cathedral is significant of God. In the latter days the spiritual is to have emphasis over pleasure, over money, over armaments. In whatever prominence these may be seen, they are all to be subordinate to the reverence and worship of God. Military prowess and money-making and pleasure-seeking are to be last; God first."[1]

When Doctor Jowett preached that sermon neither he nor any of us dreamed of the World War. The book out of which I got that illustration was published away back in 1905, but verily it is a prophecy that is being fulfilled this day and shall be more and more fulfilled in the new world which is upon us right now. The League of Nations is calculated to do away with the program in the world of each nation arming itself to the teeth. It is a Christian dream. The war has taught us that pleasure is at the bottom of the hill on the River of Life; that business and money are not on the highest heights; that armaments are not supreme, as

[1] Reprinted from *The Preacher, His Life and Work*, by John Henry Jowett. Copyright, 1912, by George H. Doran Company. Used by permission.

they have been for so many centuries; but that the spiritual, the will of God, the day of Christ is upon us. And how far his dream is carried out, how greatly it is realized, lies with the future. That is your task, Youth! That is your joy! That is your chance! Are you going out to meet it equipped with the best strength that the world gives for that task? If you are, you are going out as Christians. If you are, you are going out dedicating your lives to some great definite Christian service. If you are, you are going out to climb the heights to the spiritual.

Some of you didn't go to the Great War. You were restless because you were not old enough. The adventure of the thing appealed to you. You wanted to help "make the world safe for democracy." You wanted to go "overseas" and fight. Disease, wounds, and death seemed welcome to you so that you could give something for the world and die if need be, like heroes.

Now, I am asking you if you will not open your hearts to a task that is greater even than that of the boys who were in France, to a task either in the foreign fields, or in America, which is just as important. Foreign missionary work entails just as much danger. Disease

and wounds and sickness just as great as that which came to the boys in France await you. Heroism just as supreme is your opportunity. The mission is the same: "To make the world safe for democracy, and for little children, and for decency, and brotherhood." The call is the same. The field is a battlefield. The requirements are as great and greater, for no missionary goes out who is not well equipped. The future is yours, O Youth; it is yours and God's. You cannot be big enough to meet its demands to the fullest unless you catch the vision of a life service and then walk with God along the way of life amid the stars. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Bishop Oldham has written a marvelously sympathetic and stirring book on Bishop Thoburn.[1] It is a classic in its way. It is another "In Memoriam" in prose; the eloquent and sincere interpretation of a dear friend's life by one who has known him all through his career. Two chapters of it I am particularly desirous of mentioning. One is entitled "The Call to Preach," and the other is entitled "Called to Foreign Missionary Service." I heard Bishop Thoburn tell both of these inci-

[1] *Thoburn—Called of God.* The Methodist Book Concern. Copyright. Used by permission.

dents in his life when I was at Allegheny College, and I shall never forget the thrill that went over that crowd of college students when we heard this little giant of God tell of these two great calls in his life. He told of how in a little country town in Ohio he suddenly began to feel the need of a definite call to preach. He was actually preaching but he did not seem to get results. So he went out into the woods alone to talk with God about it. Kneeling there alone under the branches of a fallen maple tree, he talked the matter over with his Saviour, and suddenly in a blinding light, which was not a light visible to his eyes but visible to his soul, he received what he himself called "my clear and distinct commission to preach his gospel to dying men." He further says: "I heard no words, but the commission could not have been more specific and clear had the visible Son of God come to me and said, 'Go preach my gospel!'" Bishop Thoburn was open to that call. He had put himself in line for it. He was actually in the ministry. He saw that his talents directed him in that direction. He followed that lead and put himself in the mood, in the line, and in the path of that call.

His call to the mission field. Then Bishop Oldham has a chapter on Bishop Thoburn's

call to the mission field. One day Thoburn was reading a book when a paragraph seized his imagination: "Several of our great benevolent enterprises which are rapidly extending their influence to the remotest regions of the earth, were projected by young men while they were still undergraduates; and Mills, and Judson, and Newell passed immediately from the schools into the distant lands where they laid the foundations of Christian empires."

He says that as he read these words a very profound impression was made on him. Up to that hour he had never felt any special interest in missions, "but in a moment, almost like a *gentle* flash of light," an impression was made on his mind that here was to be his life-work.

In after years he recalled the fact that one word, "empires," was calling him. Christian empires were to be founded, and he wanted to have a part in that great, godlike task.

He never was able to dismiss this feeling from his mind. Five years later he began to be disturbed, and at the same time he was reaching the inevitable conclusion that he was going to India.

Then this significant paragraph is added:

"But God, who in his grace talks to the deeps in men through the Holy Spirit, will also,

through his providence, confirm the inward impression by opening the door of opportunity. Perhaps it may be said that there are three voices in which God speaks to his obedient and listening servants—in their own souls, through the voice of the church, and through the door of opportunity.

"Happy is he whom all three voices call unitedly, each confirming the others."

But what if these three voices fail utterly to call?

The good Bishop answers: "Then he would better wait prayerfully, patiently. The waiting time may be just a testing time."

The climax came when the young preacher began to have a feeling that his work in Ohio was about over, and that he would soon go to India. This conviction kept growing. Then one day he picked up a copy of The Christian Advocate in which the leading editorial was a plea for young men for India. He was powerfully moved by the appeal.

"I dropped the paper and fell on my knees, and promised God that I would accept the call if only he would make it clear that he sent me. I asked for some token, for some definite indication that I was called from above, not only in a general way to become a missionary, but to

that special field, and at that special time. I had not long to wait for an answer."

He had not talked this matter over with friends at all; it was too sacred a matter to him, he says.

He made up his mind to speak to his presiding elder about what was in his heart the first time that man came to his little church.

Meantime, the God who was talking to the young preacher in the depths was hastening to him in the person of the presiding elder. He came at an early hour, having ridden on horseback from the nearest station. When the young bishop-to-be preacher went over to the house where the presiding elder stopped, that dignitary was sitting beside the stove warming his feet, and the wet snow was dropping from his shoes. His first remark was: "I met Bishop Janes on the train this morning."

" 'Bishop Janes,' I exclaimed. 'What can he be doing out here?'

" 'He is on his way West looking for missionaries for India. He wants six immediately.'

"My heart leaped into my throat, but before I could say anything the elder continued:

" 'James, how would you like to go?' "

Then the young preacher went upstairs and knelt down alone for guidance, but he could not

pray. He was too full for prayer. But God poured his Holy Spirit into this lad's soul, and then there was no longer any doubt.

"Before I could ask, God had answered."

God had fulfilled all three requirements. He had spoken through the soul of the boy, quietly, insistently; he had spoken through the voice of the church; and he had spoken through the open door of opportunity.

So of this young boy fifty years ago, and of the India he served, it might have been said: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Nor doth it yet appear what secrets the Eternal God is waiting to reveal unto us. Nor doth it yet appear what revelation, what new New Testaments he is waiting to reveal unto us in his to-morrow.

For know we well, if we listen through the ears of youth, that "God is at the organ" still.

XIII

THE DEEP PLACES OF THE EARTH

"In his hands are the deep places of the earth."—Psalms 95. 4.

On our way to Japan, between Vancouver and Yokohama, we sailed over what is said to be the deepest hole on the face of the earth. Into that hole in the sea you could pile Mount Everest and then put the Woolworth Tower on top of Mount Everest and sail great Pacific liners over the top of that tower without danger of ripping the bottoms of the ships.

The unusual things of nature fascinate our hearts. Some of us have sat on the seashore and tried to imagine the rolling valleys, the jutting mountain peaks, the cliffs, and crevices that lie covered by the vast waters of the sea.

Who has not listened to the music of the shore line and wondered at that unheard music of the waters of the "deep places of the earth" washing against the submerged glacial peaks and jutting rocks?

Somehow, without knowing why, we felt the presence of the Eternal himself. In the very vastness, the infinite deeps, the wideness of

that sea we felt God, we heard God at the organ of the universe.

The poets and hymn writers have felt and heard the same thing:

> "There's a wideness in God's mercy
> Like the wideness of the sea."

One poet around whose poetry I do not have to put quotation marks sings in a poem called "Thine," these four lines:

> Thine are the deserts and the deeps;
> Thine is the watch the moonlight keeps;
> Thine all the trees that scan the sky;
> Thine every wind that whispers by.

We like to think of how high a mountain is and we like to think of how high up in the air a balloon or an airplane may go. There is something fascinating about height and depth.

We used to think that the tower of the church and the old pine trees were about the highest things on the face of the earth.

> "I remember, I remember
> The fir trees dark and high;
> I used to think their slender tops
> Were close against the sky.
> It was a childish ignorance,
> But now 'tis little joy
> To know I'm farther off from heaven
> Than when I was a boy."

We used to think that the old hills of home were close against the sky, but we soon learned that there were Rocky Mountains, and Mount Shastas, and Mount Everests, "shouldering out the skies." The skies are always getting higher for us, and thank God for that! That is a wonderful thought to have in our souls. And, just as we have always been fascinated with great heights, so now are we always fascinated by unsounded deeps.

We like to hear read statistics about the deepest gold mines that have ever been digged down into the earth. We like to read figures indicating the deepest places in the ocean. We like to learn about the deepest fissures of earth. There is something mysterious and fascinating about the deep places of the earth. Indeed, there is something more than fascinating about the deep places of the earth: there is something horrible about them also. They give us a chill of terror when we think of them.

But it is a beautiful and a comforting thing to remember that "In his hands are the deep places of the earth."

Some of the Physically Deep Places of the Earth

We think of volcanoes as among the deep

places of the earth, and they are. They go down into the very bowels of the earth. They go down into the fires of Sheol. I shall never forget the thrill that came over my soul as I lay on the edge of that ancient crater, belching its red and sulphurous fires—old Bromo in Java. The crater itself was an awe-inspiring thing, with its great fissures belching fire, its red lips muttering oaths of thunder and imprecations of horror against all mankind. No wonder the Javanese fear old thundering Bromo. As one looks down into those fissures he is conscious of the fact that they go down, deep, deep into the very inwards of the earth, a great blazing furnace. One has a sense of the utter futility of man's power; a sense of the littleness of human effort and a sense of the helplessness of mankind in the face of the physical powers and the deep places of the earth.

I once went down into the Imperial Gold Mine in California. It is five miles deep. One felt the temperature getting perceptibly hotter as the cage was slowly lowered. One felt as if he were in a molten furnace, and, indeed, he was. He was getting down deep into the very grates of the earth's furnace. It is an uneasy feeling to get down in the earth's deep places

like that. I doubt if any normal human being ever feels quite at home down under the earth. I know that I never have. I was always glad to get out in God's air and up on his solid earth.

When I lived amid the oil fields of West Virginia I used to hear them talk about how deep the sands were. The Injun sand, and the gas sand, and the oil-bearing sands have been magic words to me. I have heard them talk of wells that went down two and three and four thousand feet, and I have always had a thrill as I have thought of that narrow little hole that was reaching down into the "deep places of the earth" to seek out God's hidden treasures and to tap God's lakes of oil and fountains of gas.

I remember once, when a string of tools was lost, that they paid a slender, athletic boy of our town a hundred dollars to wiggle his way down into the earth several hundred feet to tie a rope around the tools. I remember the sense of admiration that came over our child-hearts as we looked upon this adventuring boy who dared to do such a thing even for that, to us, magnificent fortune of a hundred dollars, a sum which seemed to us to be all the money there was in the world.

I have sailed over the deep places of the sea.

One of these deep places is in the North Atlantic near New Foundland, the water's depth at this point being more than a mile; the other is in the Philippine Islands, where it is more than six thousand feet deep. There is a certain fascination to a human being to think upon these great deep places of the sea.

I have looked down into crevices of glaciers on mountain peaks and I never remember a single time that I felt very much at ease, or very much of a sense of security, or very much happiness in that adventure. The deep places of the earth send terror to a human soul. But it is good to know that "In his hands are the deep places of the earth."

Deep Places of the Earth in Biblical Lore

Lesson One: *The Lesson of Punishment for Social Sin.* Matthew 18. 6 says: "But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

What an indictment that is! All of the psychology of horror which a human soul has for the "deep places of the earth," and especially for the deeps of the sea, is summed up in that punishment. Jesus purposely used that figure

to denote the punishment that one deserved who would injure the spirit of a little child. To Jesus this was the sin supreme.

The social sin against children is suggested in this thought. Thank God that, in Christian nations, it is disappearing. But even now it is far too prevalent under cover. Well might Edwin Markham have written a "Man With the Hoe" for children and have thundered, "How shall it be with kingdoms and with kings," and with selfish Mammon when this blunt thing that we call a child shall appear before God the Eternal with its misshapen back, its wounded soul, and its crushed spirit?

"How shall it be then?" God has answered. Jesus has said it were better that such an one were drowned in the depths of the sea with a millstone hanged about his neck.

Lesson Two: *God is Master of the Deep Places of the Sea.* The 106th Psalm, ninth verse, says: "He rebuked the Red Sea also, and it was dried up: so he led them through the depths, as through the wilderness." This is a striking illustration of God's command of the deep places of the earth. One of the most fascinating stories of the Old Testament to children and grown-ups alike is that story of the Red Sea crossing. The winds of God and

the soul of God and the mighty will of God and the hands of God pushed back the waves of the Red Sea and opened up the deep places of the earth and let the children of Israel go through to confound the mighty armies of the Pharaohs. That is an adventure worth while. That is one of God's adventures. No wonder the human soul thrills to it.

That is God's way. When we are in danger he is always there. He holds the deep places of the earth in his mighty fists, and if he needs them to help us he uses them. Are we in danger? We flee to God knowing he will help. Has the deep vale of sorrow ingulfed us? God holds it in his hands.

When Moody was dying his friends took down his dying words. He said: "Earth is receding; heaven is approaching. There is no dark valley. All is light. God is calling me. Do not hold me back. God is calling me." That is beautiful. God holdeth in his hands even the deep valley of death, that vale we have always talked about as being dark and cold. But no longer! It is God's vale. Death is God's and life is God's and God is Love. The mountain peaks, snow-white and sun-kissed, are God's; the valley is God's, and the deep place of the earth—even sorrow and suffer-

ing and death. "I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Yes. Why? Because that valley is God's also; even the valley of death; "In his hands are the deep places of the earth." And that means the deep place that we call death.

Lesson Three: *The Depths of the Riches of God.* Romans 11. 33 says: "O the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" Yes, we know, God, that thy riches are deep as hidden gold and diamonds. It is a significant thing that God has hidden the riches of the earth away in the deep places so that they have to be sought out. The richest things on and in earth are hard to get. They are hidden away as if God actually intended that they be dug for and worked for and striven for.

Gold is deep in the bowels of the earth. We have to dig our deepest mines to get gold. The lakes of richest oil have to be digged for, deep into the earth. The greatest coal deposits are down deep under God's soil, laid away æons ago for us to find.

God put his richest blessings in the deep and hidden places of the earth, but they were never lost.

It is also an interesting fact that some of the most beautiful scenic things to be found on the American continent are the deep places of the earth. One cannot think of the Grand Canyon that he does not think of it as one of the "deep places of the earth." With all of its weird beauty of color form and the music of soughing winds, we come away with a feeling that God is there playing on the organ of nature.

The Yosemite is the same thing. We come away from the Yosemite, from its mile-deep canyon, with a feeling that, with all of its beautiful tumbling waterfall, its green Merced River, its gigantic trees, it is one of the truly great "deep places of the earth."

So God has laid away his riches and his beauty in the "deep places of the earth," in his Yosemites, his Grand Canyons, his gold mines, his oil and gas and coal, his diamonds and jewels. It is an impressive story of his wisdom and of his care and love for us.

So the writer of Romans tries to make us see, tries to give us a picture of God's wisdom and knowledge. And in one burst of adoration he cries out, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!"

He must have felt like Browning's pearl diver who dived into the depths of the sea, and

then, after a while, came up from "the deep places of the earth" with his hands held out above him and a shout in his soul and triumph in his heart rich in possession. He had dived deep into the depths of the sea, this pearl diver of Browning's, for he knew where the pearls were.

It is that way with the depths of the richness of God's wisdom and knowledge and love. Let us all be pearl divers. Let us dive deep into God's wisdom and knowledge and love, and we have the promise that we shall come up with our hearts and our hands and our souls dripping with pearls of wisdom, for "In his hands are the deep places of the earth."

And it is no wonder that some poet and writer of songs took this phrase, "O the depths of the riches of God" and made a great hymn out of it. The poet could hardly escape its beauty and suggestion. No artist or poet could well escape the ring of that beautiful phrase, "O the depths of the riches of God!"

Cowper uses this symbol of the "deep places of the earth" as being God's when he writes:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will."

Another hymn sings:

"O God, thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight!"

Still another hymn presents the thought of this sermon in these four lines:

"He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground."

Lesson Four: *Launch Out into the Deep!* Luke 5. 4 commands it: "And when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep." What a command that was! That was enough to thrill the soul of a Sphinx —"Launch out into the deep." That phrase is enough to set dead souls to singing! As Alfred Noyes says, that phrase is enough to "awake the dead."

"Launch out into the deep." Don't be afraid to launch out, for it is God's deep, and that means that it is your deep, for, "In his hands are the deep places of the earth."

I have said elsewhere that there are three kinds of book readers, namely, those who float around in the shallows of the ocean of books, those who can swim about in books, and those who dive deep into the deepest depths of books.

This figurative speech applies to knowledge, learning, living, love, and life. Some only float through life along the shore, with hands touching the bottom all the time, pretending they are swimming; some swim with bold broad strokes of brawny shoulders; some go out as far as they can into the deep and then, not content, dive down and down and down. Alexander Pope says:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

So Christ said to the disciples, "Launch out into the deep and you'll get more fish."

The poor souls who spend their lives along the shoals and shallows are the minnows of life, but the Leviathans spend their time in the deepest depths of the sea. The bigger one is the more he seeks the deeps.

I like the man who is not afraid to take a chance. I like the man who is willing to bet his life there is a God, as Donald Hankey did when he plunged into the war. Is it adventure you

are seeking? Then "Launch out into the deep." Is it business you are starting into? Then "Launch out into the deep." Is it Commencement time and you are graduating from high school or from college? Then "Launch out into the deep." Do not be content to float around in the shoals. Do not be afraid. "Launch out into the deep." Are you falling in love? Then do not do it half way. "Launch out into the deep." Are you giving and seeking friendship? Then "Launch out into the deep." Are you stingy with your appreciation of others? Then "Launch out into the deep," and do it right. Plunge in!

Only little souls give themselves, their compliments, their appreciation, and their love sparingly and gingerly.

We cleave to great souls who give themselves generously and not withholding. If one listens to criticism, he does nothing. If one listened to all advice offered, he would still be running a church as men have run churches through the dead ages. God has helped us to "Launch out into the deep." Are you accepting Christ? Then do not accept him half-heartedly. Do not accept him with reservations of soul. Without mental reservation or equivocation "Launch out into the deep" of

Christ's great soul, love, and power, and you will find your life supreme and glorious in him.

Are you joining the church? Then join it right. Don't join it half-heartedly. Don't join it with mental reservations not to do your full share. Join it with your body and your soul, your mind and your home, your talents, your children—your all. "Launch out into the deep." And it is glorious to know that in the "deep places of the earth" we hear God's voice. In the soughing winds of a Grand Canyon, or a Yosemite; in the singing, mysterious deeps of the sea; in the deeps of a Bromo, in the deeps of the human soul, we hear God talking. "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts," and when we hear this calling it sounds to us again as if God was at the organ of the universe.

XIV

OUR SHIPS ON THY WIDE SEA

"For we walk by faith, not by sight!"—2 Corinthians 5. 7.

THIS is a story and a sermon of the sea—of God's sea, that great sea which suggested to the poet two immortal lines:

> "There's a wideness in God's mercy
> Like the wideness of the sea."

We know that God is at the organ of the universe when we look upon, sail across, think about, or listen to the sea's manifold voices. Indeed, Paul might have said, "We sail by faith" as well as "We walk by faith."

If we did not ever know before that God was at the organ; that he was making a new revelation of his width of mercy, his depth of love, his power and strength and glory, we would know when looking upon the sea.

I never cross the Atlantic in a modern steamer that I do not have a new resurrection of respect for Columbus. I never think of the tiny ships in which he sailed our sea that I do not remember that simple legend of the peasant

fishermen of Brittany, France. It is the custom of these fishermen as they launch their tiny craft to go to the fishing grounds, to pray or chant or sing a simple prayer that runs like this:

> "Oh God, our boats are so small;
> And thy sea is so wide;
> Take care of us!"

And I thought that this was a prayer fit for the voyage of a new year. As we launch our little boats on the sea of this New Year, if we are thoughtful, we know that it is an uncertain sea and an unknown land, and that we do not know what storms and tempests are to meet us on this voyage. Here we start out on the sea of the New Year, and we pray this prayer this morning.

The Canoe of a Child's Life

There is the frail canoe of a little child. It is so small and frail. We have a sense of its weakness. It is so utterly helpless. We are always afraid for it. When we start that little child out to school each morning, we always do so with misgivings. We caution him about street cars and automobiles. We pick up the papers every day and see where a child has been

killed by an automobile, as it crossed the street, or perhaps has been kidnaped. We are never certain about that little boat of a child's life as we launch it on the sea of a new year. What the sea of the New Year holds for that frail bark of a child's life we cannot tell. It may sail the whole year through on smooth waters, surrounded by love and comfort, or it may be smashed by a storm.

Somehow a child seems such a vulnerable thing. It seems as if we were starting a canoe across the Atlantic Ocean or Lake Erie in midwinter when we launch the life of a child into the New Year. It does not seem that a child, a tiny baby, is strong enough to buffet the seas of life. Those of us who have paddled canoes know how uncertain they are. They are frail to begin with; frail in construction and easy to upset. Somehow that seems like a tiny baby's life. It is just a little canoe, and its poise is just as uncertain as that of a frail canoe on the ocean.

Not long ago, a little life was launched by a mother and a father. It was a Christmas baby. It was a beautiful child. It was perfectly formed. There were no organic defects in its life so far as the doctor and nurse knew. It came to gladden the hearts of a home. The

mother and father were so happy because it came at the season when the birth of the Christ-child was being celebrated. Then, suddenly, somehow, the little boat began to sink beneath the waves on the sea of life. And it went down, and down—and disappeared. We do not know. Life is so frail when it sails in such a tiny craft, and the waves are so cruel at times. It breaks our hearts.

Many a mother and father will see, during the months of this year, the launching of a tiny ship of life. They will stand some morning on life's shore and see that boat launched. They will load it with love, freight it down with flowers and holy joy. They will start it out on the sea of life with regret. But after all, in the coming years it must sail the sea alone. Love may follow it, but it must live its own life, and that life is very uncertain.

I often see fathers and mothers standing at the altar of the church, and beside them are little children. That is a picture worth seeing. It means that those parents realize that the voyage of life is uncertain and that they are launching the little craft with prayer and faith. And those who bring their children say to us, often with misty eyes, and also say to themselves, "We walk by faith, not by sight."

The Sailboat of Youth Frail and Adventurous

Youth is a turbulent time. Youth is full of adventure, physically, morally, spiritually. Youth is a hard time to get through safely. Youth is like a sailboat. Sailing is a wonderful sport, and it well fits the spirit of youth. The sport requires quick action, an adventurous spirit, steady nerves and hard muscles. The boat tips and careens and dips. There is frequently a spill if the sails are not handled correctly. A sailboat fits youth exactly, but it is dangerous sport. That is like youth.

Youth driving an automobile is a danger to himself and to others. It is just because he is youth. Youth is not wise. Youth is not poised. Youth is not calm. Youth is not afraid. Youth is not careful. A young man or woman with an automobile sometimes takes too many chances.

The other day the papers told of a young football star who had been seriously hurt when his automobile had collided with a post. Youth takes chances. I would not have them do otherwise. That is life as it should be lived, but nevertheless, the sailboat of youth as it is launched into a new year sails uncertain seas.

The last time we saw this young football player he had received the ball on the kick-off from Illinois. He ran the entire length of the field for a touchdown. It was a wonderful piece of work. He dodged, twisted, and fought his way out of that field of players until only one runner stood in his way. It was a match of skill, speed, and wits between these two. Each faced the supreme test. Each was wildly anxious to strain the last ounce of nerve and energy and speed. But our friend outwitted and outran and outgeneraled his rival, and crossed the line for the touchdown.

It was a wonderful demonstration of real speed and skill and nerve. There was a body vibrant with physical life, flushed with high color and tingling with nerves. In one second the boat was wrecked beyond repair and hope. That is youth, and that is the uncertainty of youth.

As youth launches its boat for the New Year, if it is wise, it will say: "Life is full of adventure and fun; I am bubbling over with energy. I feel like a great steam engine eager to be off across the continent. I am like a load of nitroglycerin. I am afraid of my own powers, my own spirit of adventure, my own excessive steam. I am not big enough to control it and

keep it within bounds. It is such a turbulent and uncertain sea on which I sail. A storm may come up any minute. I need God in my life, I know that. "We walk by faith, not by sight."

The Battered Boat of Old Age

Age is a battered boat.

There are many folks here to-day who are launching out in that kind of a boat into the turbulent waters of this New Year. They are not sure of whether their craft will last the year out. It may if there are no heavy storms. They may sail through another year in safety. They may not.

I have crossed the Atlantic Ocean many times. I have crossed the Pacific twice. One voyage on the Atlantic was in midwinter, and it stormed every knot of the way. The ship was small and I felt smaller. It was one of the stormiest passages that that French liner had ever had. In addition to this stormy sea there were the German submarines on that voyage. That trip had everything to make it hazardous. Every minute of the way was filled with anxiety. But we landed safely. It was a voyage of pure faith. When we started from New York it seemed that there was little possi-

bility of our making it. Everything was against us. It looked like the most unpromising voyage that human beings could take. It was war time; it was winter, and storms were raging all over the Atlantic; the submarines were more active at that time on both sides of the Atlantic than they ever were before or after. Several ships had been sunk on this side, and the Tuscania was sunk on the other side; and yet we, who were what I called "Crusaders of Service," started out on that voyage saying in substance: "We walk by faith and not by sight."

On the way back from France the voyage was just the opposite. It was calm every knot of the way. There was not a wave on the Bay of Biscay. It was as quiet as a millpond most of the way over. I shall never forget the beautiful moonlight nights in late June. We sailed on the Matsonia, and the great Mongolia sailed with us. As I stood on the aft gun-deck on the midnight watch, it was imposing to see the great Mongolia looming up in the moonlight like a mountain peak. It was a peace-filled voyage.

I have had likewise two trips across the Pacific. The first trip was taken in midwinter and over the northern route from Vancouver to

Yokohama. It was a turbulent, stormy trip, every day. The great Asia, then the largest steamer on the Pacific, was buffeted by waves and wind as if it were a canoe. Those great waves got their shoulders under that ship like a mighty giant, and lifted it up as far as they could and then slammed it down again just to play with it, and make man see what a little, puny, frail creature he is, after all.

And in addition to this storm on the sea there was a storm inside of that ship—the storm of an influenza epidemic—and there were twelve anxious, heart-breaking days on that voyage of life when we sailed by faith and not by sight. One man said, "If the Leviathan were in this sea, she would rock like a canoe."

"What do you want, you who are on the storm-tossed voyage of life, you who sail in frail and aged ships?" And the answer comes back from a million dry, parched lips, while palsied hands are lifted as in prayer, and stumbling, feeble limbs half rise from cots of weariness to salute the voice of the great Father: "We want God! We want God! O God of all good and valiant voyages, and God of all feeble and humble voyagers, we want you!"

For Age knows that it sails
"By faith and not by sight!"

And age, when it launches its frail craft, cries out as do the Brittany fishermen:

> "O God, our boats are so small;
> Thy sea is so wide;
> Take care of us!"

When we came back from Manila, we were on the trip about thirty days. It was summer, and there was not a single stormy day. The sea was like a millpond all the way over. We sat on the upper deck of the old Equador in the moonlight and watched the stars "shoot." The phosphorescence illuminated the waters every night. Flying fish leaped and played like happy children. Great porpoises lunged and plunged through the waters like awkward football players. Mother Carey's chickens skirted the water like flying stones. Leviathans of the sea depths spouted and sent their fountains of water into the air. It was a quiet and peaceful voyage. We do not know. It may be one; it may be the other. But as we enter any voyage we feel that sense of uncertainty. I never start out on a sea voyage that I do not feel that sense of the unknown that lies before me. I never enter upon the voyage of a New Year that I do not feel that same sense of uncertainty. Verily we do need to sail by faith, and not by sight.

The Ship of the Derelict

Every sea has its derelicts. They drift like lost souls along the channels. Every captain has had perilous experiences with them. They drift about with every tide and the currents of the seas play with them. They are dangerous to themselves and they are dangerous to the rest of us. They wreck their own lives and they are a menace to us.

Most of us are more or less moral and spiritual derelicts. We are drifting on the sea of life. We know not whither we go, nor do we know the way we go. We do not want to sail a crooked course; we do not want to be drifters; we do not want to do the wrong thing; but we are often doing it before we know it. As Paul says, "The good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do." That is the spirit of humanity. We are all derelicts on the sea of this New Year.

And derelicts too are comparatively safe until the storms come sweeping over the seas, and then they are helpless. Tramps and roustabouts find it easy picking in the summer, when the sun shines, and the trees hang heavy with fruit, and the bushes are rich with ripe berries, and every countryside is a cupboard full of fine

food; when every tree is a sideboard and every house is a banquet. But when winter comes and the cold winds blow and the snow falls, then the derelicts need help and shelter and God.

And, after all, God came to help the derelicts. He is the God of the derelicts as well as the other ships that sail the seas. He loves the poor old broken-down, helpless derelict. He said: "I came to heal those who are sick and to save those who are lost. They that are whole have no need of the physician." Christ loves the poor old sodden, sunken, drifting, helpless, dilapidated derelict. That is his way. Thank him for it, because that takes us all in.

The other day an adventure happened unto this preacher and some of his folks. On Christmas Eve, after all had gone home, one of our folk found a young man leaning up against the wall of the church crying. He was a fine-looking youth, but a drifter. He was not begging. He was needy. He had been wandering the streets all day Sunday. He had been in our church services Sunday night, but he had not asked anybody for help. He did not even want to come back to the church, but when our good folks saw him, they brought him back to the preacher.

The preacher took him into his office and had a long talk with him. It was plain to be seen that he was cold and hungry and lonely.

"Where is your home?"

"In Seattle."

Three thousand miles away from home on Christmas Eve in a great city, penniless and hungry and lonely, is no pleasant experience.

He had been a soldier in the Great War and was wounded in Flanders. He wore the soldier's button.

The preacher gave him a sweater to keep him warm and some money to see him over Christmas. Then the youth wept.

"Let's just kneel down here for a word of prayer."

The preacher prayed and then asked him to pray.

He hesitated a long time. He had evidently not prayed aloud. But the preacher kindly insisted. He knew it would do him good.

At last he sobbed out six words: "O God, take care of me!" and the tears lay on his cheeks and on the preacher's cheeks too.

That was a great prayer—"O God, take care of me!"

And God did it! That is the best part of it all. God did it!

And now that youth has a job. And he not only has a good job, but he has a home in our community—a Christian home. And he has had several meals in the parsonage, and he has good warm clothes. God did take care of him.

And that is the prayer of the fishermen of Brittany:

> "O God, our boats are so small;
> Thy sea is so wide;
> Take care of us!"

And as we enter upon the New Year, let this be our prayer: "O God, take care of me!"

The Voyage of Death

We do not know. We who start out on this new voyage are strong and alert with eagerness and life.

We feel that death can never come to us. It can come to everybody else but never to us. We are immune. We cannot think of death in connection with ourselves.

Neither can I think of storms in connection with Lake Erie, for whenever I have been out on its broad waters it has been peaceful and quiet, but every day for three weeks the newspapers have brought us the tragic stories of ships lost on Lake Erie. Ship after ship has gone down with many lives lost. Men have bat-

tled in the cold, icy waters of these winter nights almost within sight of the lights in the sky over our beloved city of Detroit, and we have slept in peace, safe on the shore. God bless those who go down to the sea in ships. We do not know what may come even in the quiet and peaceful lakes on our voyages this year.

Once at two o'clock our phone rang insistently. I went down and a voice, that of one of my dearest college friends, called from Chicago, telling me that his brother in Newark had lost his wife, and asking if I would go to him at once. It was a case of sudden and unexpected death. So it is. We do not know; we cannot tell; we cannot see; we sail into this New Year not by sight, but by faith!

One Wednesday evening a woman came to me to tell me about a friend of hers who had been to Saint Mark's to church but once in her life. The friend was an old woman and deaf. But this friend had written to her about my sermon on "The Pilot" who

> "Sees beyond the skyline
> And who never knows defeat."

Afterward that deaf woman wrote to her friend asking her to tell me that those two lines

had been a great comfort to her in many a hard hour since that day:

"So—ho for the Pilot's orders
Whatever course he makes,
For he sees beyond the skyline
And he never makes mistakes!"[1]

There is much talk these days of the power of the wireless, and every day we are hearing of new things that they can do with the wireless. We are learning that now they are recording the human voice by wireless on a strip of celluloid, and then they are reproducing it exactly as it was spoken, and much more clearly than a phonograph can possibly reproduce it. We are learning that they are sending power by wireless, and now along comes Tecla and says that he is ready to send power by wireless from Niagara Falls to France, or anywhere else on earth.

We have long known that they could guide ships from shore by wireless; that with wireless they can guide submarines and torpedoes and airships; that a man can stand on the shore and actually set the course of a ship and turn its wheels to follow that course, long after it has gotten beyond the horizon and is many days out to sea on its voyage around the earth. This

[1] By permission of Strickland Gillilan.

is a marvelous thing that man has done; but God has done greater things than that. He can guide our tiny ships even after death if we will allow him to do it. That is, he can guide them if we will let him have his way with our souls. He can guide our frail barks because he sees beyond the skyline, and he never makes mistakes.

As we start the voyage of this New Year, let us turn our lives over to him—and safety; for, as Strickland Gillilan says:

"He sees beyond the skyline
And he never makes mistakes!"

. . . . . .

"Each man is captain of his soul,
And each man his own crew,
But the Pilot knows the unknown seas,
And he will bring us through."

We break new seas to-day—
Our eager keels quest unaccustomed waters,
And, from the vast uncharted waste in front,
The mystic circles leap
To greet our prows with mightiest possibilities,
Bringing us—what?
Dread shoals and shifting banks?
And calms and storms?
And clouds and biting gales?
And wreck and loss?
And valiant fighting times?
And maybe Death? And so, the Larger Life!

"For should the Pilot deem it best
To cut the voyage short,
He sees beyond the skyline, and
He'll bring us into port!"

And, maybe Life—Life on a bounding tide
A chance of glorious deeds;
Of help, swift borne to drowning mariners;
Of cheer to ships dismasted in the gale;
Of succor given, unasked and joyfully;
Of mighty service to all needy souls.

"So—ho for the Pilot's orders,
Whatever course he makes;
For he sees beyond the skyline,
And he never makes mistakes!"

And, maybe Golden Days,
Full freighted with delight!
And wide, free seas of unimagined bliss,
And Treasure Isles, and Kingdoms to be won,
And Undiscovered Countries, and New Kin.

"For each man captains his own soul,
And chooses his own crew,
But the Pilot knows the unknown seas,
And he will bring us through!"[1]

"O God, our boats are so small as we enter this new year; and thy sea of the New Year is so wide; take care of us, we pray! Amen!"

The valiant voyages of life this year are un-

[1] By Strickland Gillilan. Reprinted by permission of Forbes & Company.

certain; the canoe of a child's life is frail; the sailboat of youth is out on dangerous adventuring seas, easy to capsize, taking chances that age will not take. The ship of age is old and battered. The derelicts of life are more numerous than we dream. The ship of death is a boat that we all must board.

"O God, our boats are so tiny and thy sea is so large; take care of us," "for we walk by faith, not by sight."

Be thou our Pilot in childhood, in youth, in age, in dereliction, in death!

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